

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.



ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH, NEAR GAINESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

THE THIRD BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

By HENRY C. CORBIN, Major-General U. S. Army.

THE United States is a peaceable but never has been a peaceful nation. It would be idle to assert that it is the latter now. Within the short period of a century and a quarter it has fought as many important wars as any other nation of the world. No contest since the Napoleonic era has rivaled in magnitude the struggle between the states in 1861-65. Before then, we had fought Great Britain twice, had invaded and defeated Mexico, and had compelled greater freedom of commerce for the world by demonstrations of our power in the Mediterranean and Japan seas. Since then we have obliged France to evacuate Mexican soil, and Spain Cuban; have participated in the suppression of

uprisings in China; have quelled the insurrection in the Philippines, and have compelled Turkey to accept our interpretation of the rights of American citizens within her dominions.

Yet until a year and a half ago, the law under which the American militia existed was an archaic instrument which prescribed for the soldier "a firelock of a bore sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound," and for the officer a "hanger and a spontoon." Even now, the militia law is not wholly complete, and dependence upon the volunteer body, while subject in matters of discipline to state and not to federal authority, can never be altogether satisfactory.

On the battle-field of Manassas were held, a little over a month ago, the most extensive military maneuvers ever undertaken by the United States. Their cost approximated a million dollars, and about twenty-seven thousand troops were engaged. These were drawn from the military Division of the Atlantic, and embraced regular troops and militia, men from the North and men from the South. Many important problems were worked out. The efficiency of the organized militia to cooperate with regulars was studied. Other innovations were tried. The automobile, for instance, was made to supplant to some extent the old-fashioned horse for reconnaissance and signal work. General Corbin who writes the present article for THE COSMOPOLITAN, was, as Commanding General of the Atlantic Division, in command of the maneuvers. On October 1st last, he left for the Philippines.

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The new militia law, however—which was passed by Congress on January 21, 1903, largely by the efforts of Secretary Root, whom I was privileged to assist—has placed the militia body on a much better footing than it previously had occupied. By this law, provision was made for the Secretary of War to authorize the participation of any part of the organized militia, on the request of their respective state governors, in the encampment, maneuvers and field instruction of any part of the regular army, the militia receiving the same pay and transportation as the regulars.

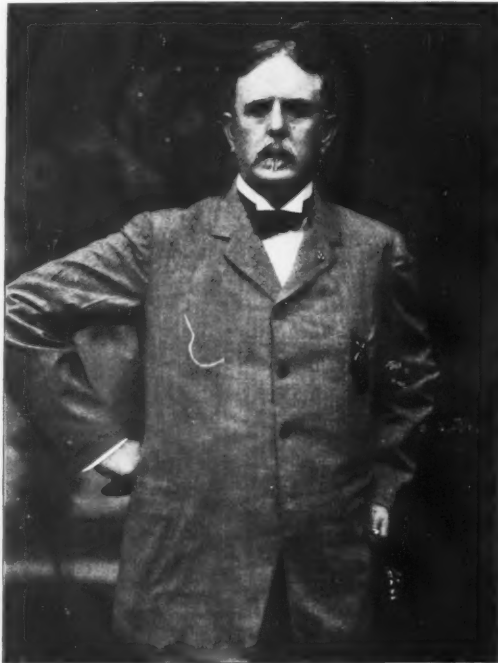
It was under this bill that the idea of combined annual maneuvers for regulars and militia was worked out, and first put into effect in the fall of 1902 at Fort Riley, Kansas, and again last year at Westpoint, Kentucky. The purpose of these maneuvers was, broadly, to duplicate as far as possible the same conditions in the field as exist in actual warfare, and to provide valuable experience for the officers and men on whom the nation would largely rely in the event of hostilities. Obviously the conditions could not be made wholly similar, for the deterrent effect of bullets would be absent, and it is wonderful how intrepid a raw recruit can be in the face of a mere umpire.

At both Westpoint and Fort Riley the troops gathered were encamped in one body, and whenever a problem was insti-

tuted a certain number of them marched out and took up a designated position in some other place. Those who remained on the camp-site, and who constituted an opposing force, if alert—and they were likely to be—knew exactly how many of the "enemy" there were and where they had gone, so that they had an advantage greater than a corresponding force would have in actual war.

In the maneuvers near Manassas this year, the troops were encamped in two

separate bodies about twelve miles apart, and midway between was the corps headquarters. The two separate bodies had no communication, telegraphic or telephonic, except through corps headquarters, with which both were connected. These camp-sites were carefully surveyed and mapped, as also was all the country lying between them; so that the officers of the opposing forces had an excellent military map of the country—probably better



MAJ.-GEN. HENRY C. CORBIN.

than they would have in actual war.

The land on which the maneuvers took place was rented at twenty cents an acre, though thirty-five cents was paid for ground actually used as camp-sites. In addition to this, the damages caused by marching troops through the fields and the necessary destruction of fences had to be assessed. To determine the amount of these damages, a board was constituted, composed of three men, one selected by the Governor of Virginia, one by the citizens of Prince

William County and the third an army officer selected by me. Orders were issued to the troops to exercise the greatest care in taking down fences and crossing fields, so that as little damage as possible should be done. Altogether there was appropriated for the militia during the maneuvers \$796,828, of which \$239,062 was for pay, \$79,688 for subsistence, and \$478,125 for lease of grounds, injury to crops, and for transportation. Twenty-four thousand dollars of this last sum was allotted for blank ammunition.

I shall first give a description of the main movements of the opposing forces during the maneuvers (which may be followed by the reader by reference to the accompanying map), and afterward shall discuss some of the lessons learned and the utility of maneuvers in general.

Early in July, the quartermasters, Captains Cronkhite and Normoyle, had been sent to Camp No. 1, near Manassas, and Camp No. 2, near Thoroughfare, for the purpose of preparing the camps and water-supply for the reception of the troops. In all, about fourteen wells were sunk in the three camps, and this water, together with that received from Spout Spring, in Thoroughfare Gap, furnished an abundant and wholesome supply. (It was through Thoroughfare Gap that Jackson marched and destroyed the stores in Pope's rear at



OUTPOSTS OF THE SEVENTY-FOURTH NEW YORK IN HASTILY DUG TRENCHES.

Manassas, a day or two previous to the second battle of Bull Run, in 1862.)

On August 28th, 5,062 of the regular troops who were to take part arrived in their respective camps, and on the following day began a system of patrolling and military marches and rides. By September 4th, the last day the militia were to reach camp, every member of the regular force was pretty well acquainted with the entire maneuver terrain, and the cavalry with all the by-paths. On September 3d and 4th, 21,234 militia from New York, Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Florida, New Jersey, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Maryland, Vermont, North Carolina, West Virginia



BRIG.-GEN. J. FRANKLIN BELL, COMMANDING THE BROWN ARMY, AND STAFF.



A DETACHMENT OF THE BROWN ARMY EXECUTING A FLANK MOVEMENT.

and Delaware arrived in camp. The last of the Texas troops, by reason of a railroad accident, did not arrive till September 5th.

On the morning of September 5th, the commanding generals of the two division-camps, Generals Grant and Bell, posted outposts to be maintained about each camp throughout the maneuver week. These were for the purpose of protecting the troops resting in the rear from "surprise," and to gain all the information possible of the movements and intentions of the enemy.

On September 5th, all the troops not engaged in outpost duty were assembled by the brigade commanders and instructed in regimental and brigade drills. These

drills occupied both morning and afternoon. On the same day, I assembled the division and brigade commanders at my headquarters for consultation. They were Gens. F. D. Grant, J. Franklin Bell, Theodore Wint, Jesse M. Lee, Tasker H. Bliss, Thomas H. Barry, all of the Regular Army; Russell Frost of the Connecticut National Guard, Col. Butler D. Price of the 16th Infantry, Col. James Regan of the 9th Infantry and Col. F. A. Smith of the 8th Infantry. At this consultation the problems were discussed and certain obscure points were fully cleared up.

Two problems had been prepared for solution, the first to occupy September 6th and 7th, and the second September 8th



ARTILLERY IN POSITION ALONG THE WARRENTON PIKE.

and 9th. The following, in outline, constituted the first problem:

A Blue army, based upon the Potomac River at Washington, is marching westward against a Brown army operating in the Shenandoah Valley toward Washington. The leading corps of the Blue consists of two divisions; one (real) being at Manassas, and the other (imaginary) being at Fairfax Court House. The rest of the Blue army (imaginary) is preparing to move forward from Alexandria. The leading corps of the Brown army consists of two divisions; one (real) being at Thoroughfare, and the other (imaginary) being at Front Royal. The rest of the Brown army is at Strasburg, preparing to move forward. The commander of the leading Blue corps ascertains at Manassas, by means of reconnaissance, that one division of the Brown army is in the vicinity of Thoroughfare. He has learned through spies that the remaining division was at Front Royal on the afternoon of the 5th, and was making preparations to march the following morning. He determines to attack the Brown division with the object of defeating it. The Brown commander at Front Royal has pushed forward his leading division (real) by forced marches through Thoroughfare Gap, with orders to take up a defensive position such that he can cover the Gap and permit the passage of the rest of the Brown forces. On the morning of the



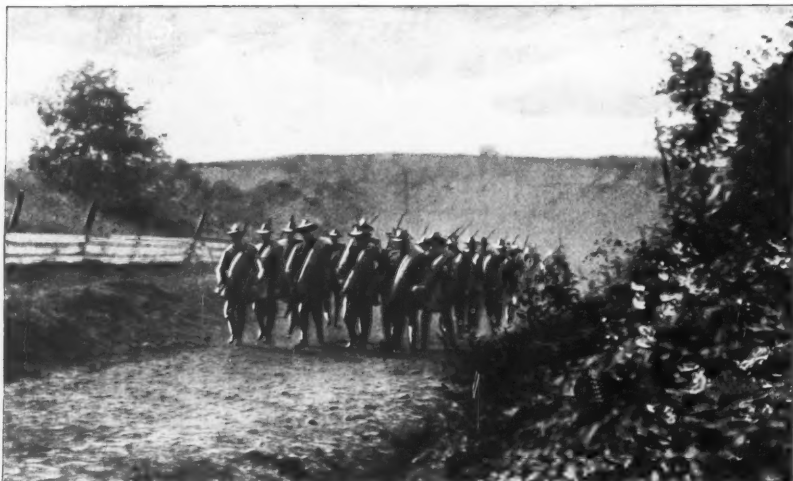
MORNING TOILET IN THE CAMP.

6th, the Brown commander ascertains definitely that the leading division of the Blues is at Manassas and that another division is at Fairfax Court House. The Blue commander has a certain length of time to make his combinations for turning movements or front or flank attacks with a certainty of being reenforced before Brown reinforcements can reach Thoroughfare Gap. The Brown commander must make his disposition with a view to holding his own not only against the actual Blue division, but reinforcements which are closely following it.

The Blue army was commanded by Brig.-Gen. Frederick D. Grant, and the Brown army by Brig.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell. All men attached to the first-named division



A LINE OF SHARP-SHOOTERS.



FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT ON THE WAY TO CAMP.

wore blue flannel shirts, such as have been commonly worn in the service for years, while the troops under General Bell were dressed in the new olive-drab or khaki uniform recently adopted for field-service.

The two positions presented allowed each division commander to work out a defensive position on his own lines and hold it against an equal or almost equal force for one day, and about double the force on the second day's fight. In the first maneuver the Brown division under General Bell had the defense, and in the second General Grant commanding the Blue division was the

force that was attacked. Each division commander was left absolutely free to select any ground or any formation he desired. They operated on exactly the same basis as hostile armies and had the same chances for success.

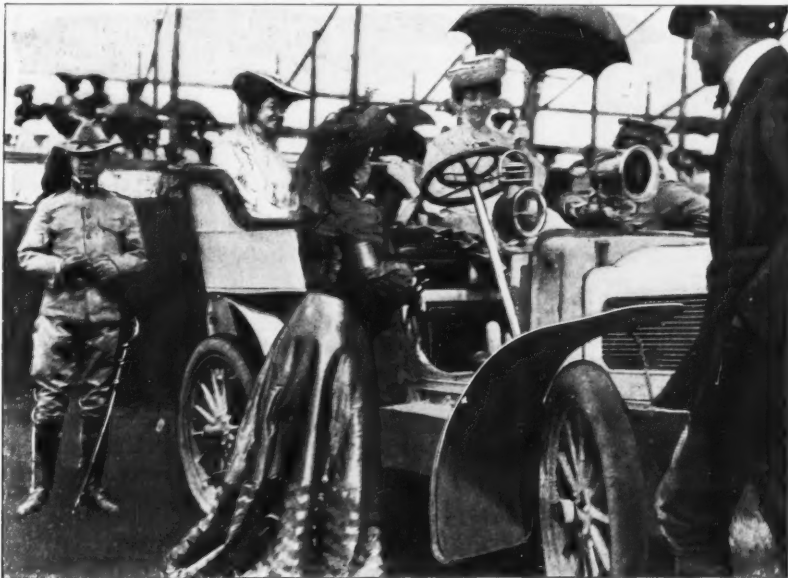
That the nature of the maneuvers may be popularly comprehensible, it is necessary to explain that, to take the place of the enemy's bullets, umpires are detailed to accompany each command. It is their duty to record events, times and conditions, to correct any unnatural position that may develop, and to award the



EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT MARCHING TO THE FRONT, PAST THE STONE HOUSE.

necessary losses. The work of the umpires is intended to supply, as far as practicable, the consequences of actual war. Their decisions must be based on the actual tactical situation, not on the intended course of the maneuvers, or on what they conceive to be a proper solution of the problem. The actual collision of opposing forces is prevented under all circumstances. When the combat has reached the stage just preceding the crisis, the commanding general or the chief umpire gives the signal for suspension of move-

sidered as constructive dark, the fighting between the two divisions was heavy and close about three miles directly north of Gainesville. By daylight of September 6th, General Bell's outpost line extended north and south, passing through Gainesville, while his main line of defense ran through Haymarket. As early as seven o'clock, his scouts had brought information that the main attack of the enemy was directed toward his left flank, and he was busy withdrawing troops from the right flank to send them to that point.



WITNESSING THE MANEUVERS. MRS. F. D. GRANT PAYING A VISIT TO MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AND MRS. H. C. CORBIN, THE FORMER ON FRONT, THE LATTER ON REAR, SEAT OF AUTOMOBILE.

ments, and the relative numbers and positions of the contending forces are carefully noted.

The solution of the first problem at Manassas was to begin at any time after midnight on September 5th. By daylight on September 6th, the Blue division, commanded by General Grant, was rendezvoused in the prescribed position for a march against the Brown division under General Bell. General Grant's orders contemplated an attack on General Bell's left flank.

By three o'clock on that day, which, for the purpose of the problem, was con-

On the following day, September 7th, the attack was continued by General Grant, and at noon there was hard fighting in the neighborhood north of the village of Thoroughfare. On account of the great heat and the fatigue of some of the troops not used to the hard marching and bivouacking, the first part of the problem was, according to my orders, here terminated, although the original intention was to have it end at three o'clock. By eight o'clock that evening, both armies were back in their respective camps resting for the second part of the problem, which was to begin at any time after midnight of the 7th.



VIEW OF ONE

By noon of September 8th, General Grant's outposts were within about two miles of Gainesville, practically covering the battle-field of the second Bull Run, his reserves being near the Stone House. The Brown command, under General Bell, had by noon passed corps headquarters at Gainesville and was coming into contact with the Blue just to the east of that town. All this day, the Brown advance troops were fighting a rear-guard of General Grant's, which constantly but slowly fell back along the Warrenton pike, toward the Stone House. By three o'clock on this day, when the maneuvers ceased on account of constructive darkness, both armies were fatigued and most of the Brown force had to march a mile or two for water.

After midnight of September 8th, almost all of General Bell's army was marched from a point a mile or two east of Gainesville to the vicinity of Sudley Springs (about six miles northeast of Gainesville), where, at daylight, a vigorous attack was made on the right wing of General Grant's army, which was just behind Bull Run. About nine o'clock, close contact having taken place, I ordered a cessation of activity, and thus the second part of the problem ended and the troops began their return to their respective camps.

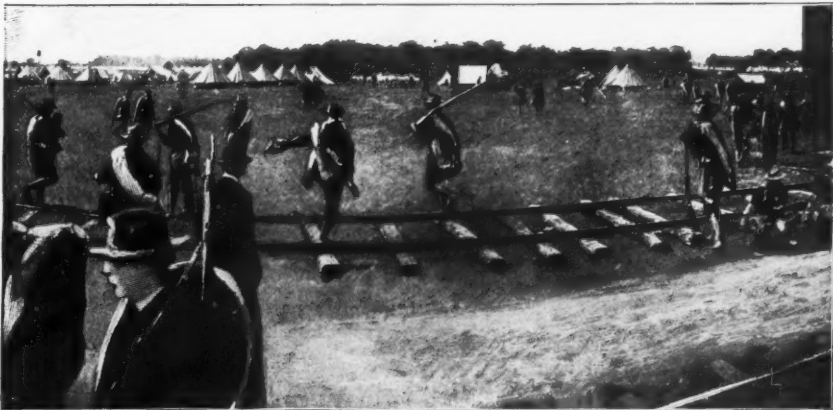
After four days of constant marching and of participation in the maneuvers and the accompanying hard work, the sick-report showed that only 58 regulars and 241 militia, or a total of 299, out of

26,296 troops present, were on the sick-list and excused from active service.

On September 10th, the troops from both camps made marches of concentration to Wellington, a little village some three miles west of the Manassas camps. They all arrived there by 10 A.M., and at 1 P.M. the entire corps was reviewed by Lieutenant-General Chaffee, Chief of Staff of the Army, accompanied by the Hon. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, foreign military attachés and many other distinguished guests.

I cannot too strongly disclaim a popular impression that in the maneuvers thus closed there was an attempt to duplicate either the first or the second battle of Bull Run, fought over the same ground during the Civil War. To fight over again a battle fought forty years ago would be a military anachronism, because of the wonderful development since that time of long-range weapons, in both the artillery and the small-arms branches of the service. With modern military appliances, the old order of things, when armies advanced to do battle in solid regimental formation, has given place to open formation and deployment.

Neither was there an attempt to reach a decision as to which side achieved the hypothetical victory. Whether General Bell should win, or General Grant, was, from the point of the tactics employed and the results achieved, not of the slightest consequence.



OF THE CAMPS.

The part which the automobile played in these maneuvers is worthy of mention. Probably in none of the similar military evolutions of European armies—certainly in none which have before been held in this country—has the automobile ever been used so extensively as it was at Manassas last September. Three automobiles were provided at corps headquarters, and one such was used by the artillery battalion to take the place of the forge and the artillery wagons. It was equipped with an electric-light plant. Two automobiles were used by the signal corps, and proved of great value in the laying of telegraph and telephone wires in the field. I have no hesitation in saying that, where the roads are good, the automobile is for many purposes of great benefit to an army operating in the field.

An excellent opportunity was afforded by these maneuvers to note the relative values, from the point of view of indistinctness to the enemy, of the khaki and service uniforms, recently adopted, and the old army blue. Not only does the new service uniform insure greater comfort to the soldier, but at long distances it is so indistinct that fire losses will be comparatively light among troops thus uniformed.

Another point that might be emphasized—though obviously no practical demonstration of it could be afforded by peaceful maneuvers—is the great importance which marksmanship will have in the battles of the future. The day of close masses has

passed, and the man with a strong physical constitution who is a poor marksman will be of little value as a soldier. With modern rifles of long range, battles will be fought at longer and longer distances, and good shooting will be the prime requisite for successful troops.

A chief purpose of the maneuvers was to instruct the regular army and the militia and to give opportunities to apply this instruction in duties which, properly performed, will result in the arrival on the field of soldiers physically and mentally fitted for the shock of battle, should such emergency ever arrive. Preparation for war, not an illustration of war itself, was the object sought.

What are the advantages derived from maneuvers such as these? They are many. The regular troops are able to assemble in large bodies to entrain and detrain, to camp, to march and to bivouac exactly as they would do in actual warfare. The militia have the benefit of traveling under the conditions imposed on the regulars, and of supplying themselves with and handling the authorized ration; of practice in making camp, in taking care of its sanitary condition and of breaking camp; of preparing their rations in the field, of carrying the prescribed load of the soldier, of bivouacking as in time of war, of practising outpost duty day and night, and of making long and exhausting marches, such as would be required of them in actual warfare.

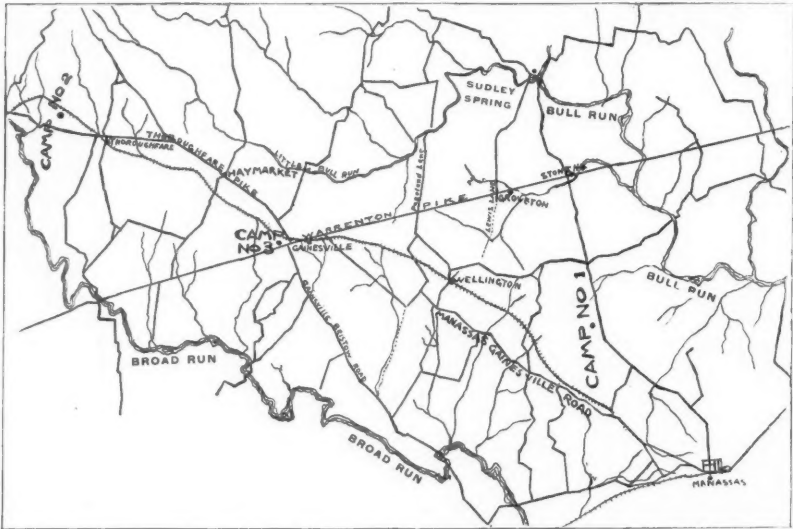
THE THIRD BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Such maneuvers educate the militiaman to care for himself in the field, and to husband his strength and be prepared for the supreme effort when it is demanded of him. The commanding officers have the actual experience of preparing their orders and moving the troops as in war.

In short, all the conditions can be made to exist exactly as they would in war until the actual attack and firing begin. The ammunition being blank, from this point on the movements happily cannot parallel those of warfare, and the umpire must always be a very poor substitute for real bullets. He may know the condition that

were these troops outnumbered, but they had been seen for some time by the enemy, who were sheltered, and had been fired upon by them. More than that, they had been for several minutes also under fire from a battery of field-artillery stationed on a commanding hill. The use of smokeless powder had prevented the umpire from having the slightest knowledge that the troops he was with were being cut up, hypothetically, by this fire.

But to resume. If the militia who took part in the maneuvers have learned that it is necessary for them to look after their own comfort, to be moderate in their tastes



MAP OF THE MANEUVER-GROUNDS, PRINCE WILLIAM AND FAIRFAX COUNTIES, VIRGINIA.

exists in the command which he is umpiring, but it is almost impossible for him to know the condition and number of the troops directly opposed to him.

An incident occurred during the second day's fighting in the maneuvers at Manassas which well illustrated this point. A regiment of one of the opposing armies was advancing over partly open ground, when it came upon a detachment of the other side. The umpire accompanying this force was inclined to decide a success for that body, believing that it was the more numerous, but a consultation with the other umpire developed the fact that not only

for water, to husband their cooked rations that are issued for the day so that when night comes they may have something left for supper, they have learned a lesson which will be of inestimable value. If the commissaries and quartermasters have learned that it is necessary for them to give results, that is, supplies to the troops, when they are expected, instead of giving reasons for not having them, they too have learned much.

Under the laws now existing, the organized militia comes under the United States military authorities for the purpose of drill and instruction only, the discipline



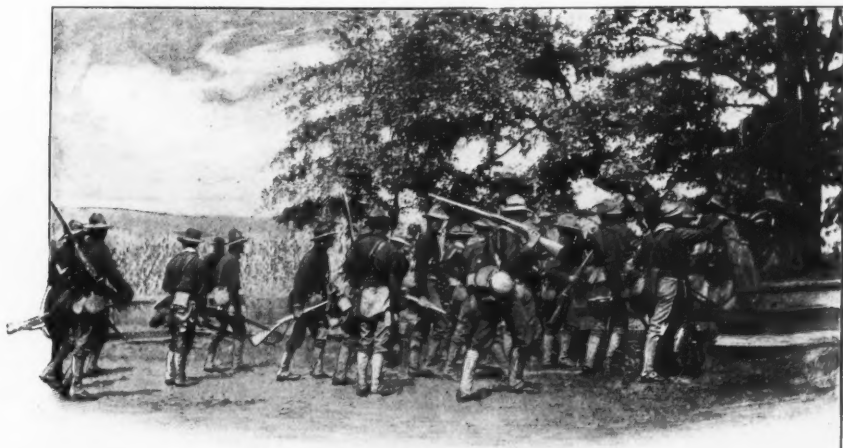
A MÉLÉE OF BLUE AND BROWN CAVALRY.

remaining with the state authorities: This is a condition which will militate against the efficiency of the militia as national soldiers. Such a condition made possible the situation which existed at Lewiston in October, 1812, when the American troops, having crossed the river and gallantly captured Queenston Heights, needed only a few reinforcements to make good their victory. One-tenth of the number which still remained on the American side of the river would have been sufficient. But the militia in the emergency became lawyers and refused to cross to the assistance of their comrades, in the boats already prepared for them, on the plea that the law said they could not be taken out of their own state, that they could

be used only for the purpose of repelling invasion. This unfortunately was the law, and without remedy to the law as it now exists it is not difficult to anticipate a repetition of this unfortunate incident.

It was not cowardice which prompted their refusal, but an unwillingness to participate in a long invasion of Canada, which they believed would be the result of a victory at Queenston. So, remaining on the American side, they witnessed the destruction of their comrades.

Yet these same men, or men coming from the same people, under the same General Scott who was taken prisoner at this battle of Queenston, afterward when drilled and disciplined as soldiers of the United States



FOURTEENTH NEW YORK REGIMENT HURRYING INTO ACTION ACROSS THE WARRENTON PIKE.



A SKIRMISH LINE.

in Buffalo during the spring of 1814, accomplished results in which every American takes pride. At Fort Erie, Chippewa and Lundy's Lane their discipline was all that could be asked. During this brilliant campaign they were opposed to about double their numbers, while at Lewiston, in the fall of 1812, the Americans had from two to three times the number of British that could be assembled at Queenston Heights.

The maneuver work, being, as it were, a postgraduate school for troops, should not take place oftener than once in about three years. This will allow ample time during an enlistment for the militia to be thoroughly instructed in the groundwork which is so essential to the successful instruction on the maneuver-field.

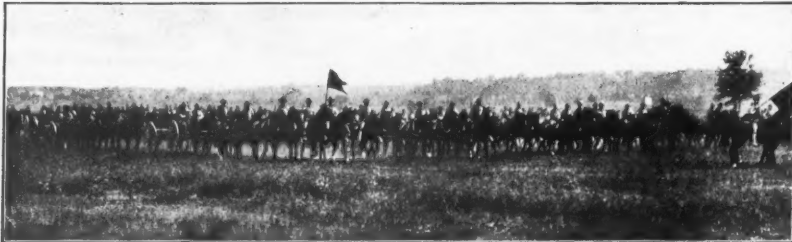
The enlisted man should have to make

up his kit for the field, do his full duty on advance-guards and outposts, care for his health, and, above all, know how to march and shoot. The officer, while teaching his men their duty, will fully prepare himself for the added responsibility of the fieldwork on a larger scale.

It is gratifying to note the cordial relations which existed between the citizens of Prince William County and the soldiers who formed the maneuver corps.

The permission to use the land for maneuver purposes was granted by some with a feeling of apprehension and an expectation of suffering many acts of vandalism and wanton destruction.

When the maneuvers had ceased, the feeling of good-will was practically universal, on the part both of the citizens and of the soldiers.





MARGARET DALE.

THE TENDENCIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

BY DANIEL FROHMAN.

IF I were asked to predict from my experience and the box-office returns just what form of play was likely to succeed, I should be unable to do so. There is no such thing as vogue in the character of plays, although it would appear from time to time that this, that or the other form of entertainment was more than usually popular. If a play is good and healthy it runs little risk of failing to satisfy an American audience, because theater-goers of to-day, although more critical than formerly, are also more appreciative. Audiences are larger and more discerning, for the theater has forced its way into the daily life. The inducements offered by popular-priced houses, by the large number of such houses as well as first-class theaters throughout city and country, and by the trolley

systems everywhere present, have placed theatrical temptation within the reach of all. The city man thus becomes a ready theater-goer, and the country man's facilities are now such that he is easily coaxed there by his family. The constant devotion to the theater has of necessity brought about many reforms in dramatic presentation. Audiences are keener and more critical, and the crudities of forty years ago, the indigestibilities of plot and treatment, are as inadmissible as the old-fashioned manner of presenting three or four scenes to an act.

The stage husband who was jealous of his scapegrace brother-in-law merely because he had not sufficient intelligence to discover that he had such a relation, commanded our sympathies fifty years ago.



NANETTE COMSTOCK.

The wife who was too proud to ask a vital, though simple, explanation; the villain whom a child might easily have frustrated; the wrongly accused and tongue-tied hero, all these worked on our emotions with the regularity of clockwork. But to-day we are to take our plays peptonized. Thirty years ago marked a change, at least in treatment, through the adaptation of "La Tentation," called "Led Astray." Here we had a fairly old plot modernized and treated with deft craftsmanship. Art was sacrificed to psychological accuracy perhaps, but a new note was sounded in the moral.

Here is a husband who is openly untrue to his wife, neglectful and uninterested, but the moment the slightest suspicion of

infidelity attaches to her he is up in arms. For the requirements of the audiences—who represent themselves as public opinion—the wife must be unjustly suspected; she must retain her integrity in spite of provocation and the impulse of strong temptation.

A dramatic writer finds many difficulties in his path to success, but the arch trouble is this attempt to keep a theme convincing and interesting while maintaining the dramatic suspense. The proportion of verity to verisimilitude, the legitimacy with which an effect may be first produced and then heightened, is only arrived at by hard experience. In novel-writing the suspense is maintained usually by keeping the reader in ignorance of the main issue; in play-writing the audience must be fully acquainted at once with facts of which the characters in the play are ignorant. The plot of a play is, of course, its most important factor, but it is often lost sight of (particularly in plays where this element is weak) in the clever, fresh and vigorous dramatic treatment, through incidents, character, and the cleverness of the stage devices involved, where the

author has not only skill but, rarest of all qualities, invention.

Thus playwrights usually introduce outside interests, characters, subplots, and so on, diverting in themselves and yet contributory to the main theme.

Plays of historical interest have been popular with us from the time of our earliest playhouses, but there is a Gallic flavor to them—an antiquated chivalry and romance—with which we moderns are not in sympathy. Our emotions, or rather the forms of our emotions, are advanced as much as our manners and customs, and though the canons of a good play hold good for all nations and all times, there are certain side requirements to an American



EDNA MAY.

play which are subservient to the dramatic interests of any race.

The first requirement of a play is a love-story. It may be romantic love, modern, or, so far as period is concerned, of any age, because the theme is of universal interest.

The story and its complications need not be new, though their treatment must be fresh, and every year requires a more novel, though not necessarily outré, setting than the last. The love-story must be clear and distinct in the mind of the dramatist, and he must

find an obstacle in its course. This obstacle, reasonably, convincingly, ingeniously, he must remove. He need seek no newer obstacles than those that William Shakespeare has stated in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or which Milton has laid down in "Paradise Lost," as interposing between lovers, whether they may be man and maiden or husband and wife. Thus far the themes and the situation are universal. The task of the modern American dramatist is to seize on these and make them local and national. In order to do this he must take types of character which this country has produced, place them in an environment which is recognizably true and make them act in a characteristic manner under the influence of the emotions and passions which are universal.

The fault with

some of our so-called American plays is that, while the characters are dressed like Americans and talk like them, they are simply disguised French and German people undergoing the trials and tribulations incident upon the conditions of

France and Germany. This is probably because so many of our plays are borrowed from and adapted from the plays of other countries. Now, French and American plays proceed quite differently. French dramatists find situations and develop character from them. The American tendency is to draw certain characters together and develop a situation from the clash or harmony of such a meeting. French playwriting is subtle, shrewd, remorseless, deft. Fate, as in the old Greek drama, is set in motion voluntarily, or involuntarily, by one of the characters who is powerless to set it back. Typical and admirable instances are Sardou's "Fédora" and "Patrie" and his "Cléopatra," and so it is in "Tess" and "Tanqueray." Here the action is coldly classical, the dialogue high-



ELIZABETH LEE.

pitched, and though the situations succeed one another with almost American rapidity, they are nevertheless calculated and the movement philosophical.

American conditions do not demand such intense extremities. It is not that we are not romantic, and, I hope, capable of chivalry, even when we know that such chivalry is not going to pay. Indeed, I venture to assert that under a quiet and practical exterior exists a deep sentiment for the graceful things in life, an exterior which furnishes just the sort of contrast which is so dramatically effective in a hero, coolness in danger—often more telling than the brandishing volubility of other nations—a disposition to do heroic things without pausing to recognize that they are great, and a strong feeling for domesticity and peace or other much-maligned sentiment.

And the American girl? Where can we find a more interesting subject for a play?

The intelligent descendant of the rather severe régime of the Puritan frequently carries under a somewhat reserved manner all the intensity of a woman of southern Europe. The modern society girl! What unsuspected depths may not lie under that light and frivolous manner which she assumes as armor, what capacity for self-sacrifice and a heroic constancy of affection which would make her a thrilling heroine? Take the parvenue's daughter living in an

artificial atmosphere—ambitious, wistful, proud, who learns through genuine love how to emancipate herself for her conditions. With such leading characters, and added to them the genuine types which our varied social order furnishes, you have a group which Sardou might envy the American playwright for its freshness and its opportunities. The accession of sudden wealth, its effect on character and circumstance—here is a

fruitful and typical theme for the American dramatist. The tendency to-day—if without contradicting myself I may be permitted to acknowledge such a tendency—is for the home subject. Surely there are no affairs more thrilling to us than our own? And we must have a love-interest because our plays demand realism, and it is love which is the most real thing in life. Unless a love-story shines like a radiating sun through a play, that play will



CLARA BLOODGOOD.

die; for an important factor to reckon with is that the majority of the audience are young and unmarried. Therefore in the healthy play—and it is only of this play, since it is the only successful kind, that I am speaking—when the hero and heroine are man and wife, it is better from a dramatic point of view that the audience meet with them first unmarried, because this increases the sympathy and interest in the love-story. For the author's task is easier



CECILIA LOFTUS.

if he deals with those whose matrimonial markets have not been made.

Debatable plays, problems, fantasies of the character dear to the heart of Ibsen, Bernard Shaw and the rest of them, are never financially successful in America. These are relegated to special audiences, whose predilections favor subjects that treat frequently either of abstract interests, or the harsher phases of life.

But the play I would recommend as the most inclusive and exclusive example of a brilliantly good play is "As You Like It." Setting aside the imaginativeness and poetry of the lines—which will never again be equaled—I would recommend to all playwrights a close and thoughtful study of the construction. "As You Like It" has the best and most significant first act of any play ever written. The lines and threads of the story are collected together at the very outset, and are woven with magnificent care and delicacy into the growing story. The equivoque, so essential to comedy, is here, and the dramatic license almost overlooked. That Orlando should have recognized his Rosalind in Ganymede, every Rosalind in the world is compelled to urge; but Shake-

speare reckoned with his Orlando, a love-sick, moony, unobservant young man, to whom everything around was immaterial or at least insignificant.

Take the character-studies, all essential threads in the weaving—the melancholy Jacques, the merry Touchstone, the friendly Celia, and again the subplot of its banished duke—the magnificent setting, the lilt of the accompanying accessories, the eloquence of the dialogue, the reasonableness of the complications, and you have the ideal comedy. Pit against this the managerial impossibilities of "Hamlet"—a magnificent piece of literature, a scholarly study, a brilliant collection of rhetoric, but no play. Jefferson said that Shakespeare undoubtedly sat constantly at the prompt-table at his rehearsals. I could go further and say that "Hamlet" might have been written as a stopgap. The characters, which were undoubtedly preconceived character-studies, are strung together, hanging limply from an old-fashioned peg,

jostling against one another like stray individuals in a crowd and exposing their inmost hearts without rime or reason. Hamlet himself is a purposeless hero, antagonizing the audience with his vacillations and cowardice and uncertainty.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

Ophelia is miserably weak-kneed, Polonius prosy, and Laertes, who is, after all, subsidiary, the only member of the collection with anything approaching a backbone. The dramatic interest works excitingly up to a climax early in the play, and then falls down. Most of the speeches appear to be nothing more than interpolations. The plot defies all canons of action. And despite this, such is the magnetism of Shakespeare's genius that audiences will go time and again to "Hamlet" to listen to the philosophy of life delivered by splendid actors and elocutionists. Except for its intellectual character, its Jove-like reflections on human nature, what would be a modern manager's impression to-day if confronted by the manuscript of a play like "Hamlet," if proffered for its theme and its purely technical construction?

But what a fruitful source of study are many of the plays, a few of which I select at random, that contain the various qualities I have mentioned, all of them sound, sane and convincing in theme, plot, character and treatment: the psychology, construction and plot of "Leda Astray" and "The Ironmaster"; the romantic chivalry and character-study in "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Prisoner of Zenda"; the modern spirit, the dialogue and general wholesomeness of

"The Henrietta" and "The Banker's the old Lyceum play of "The Wife"—a Daughter" (the latter marking almost a splendid variant of this theme; "Held new era in the management of its plot); by the Enemy" and "Secret Service,"



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

embodying character-study, the intense theatric quality, and the note of modern interest, which always appeals to the audiences of to-day; "Alabama" as a study of American types; and for the pastoral drama, a class of play of fadeless popularity, note such works as "The Old Homestead," "Shore Acres," "Way Down East" and "The County Chairman."



VERA EDWARDINE.

too busy to be appreciative of dramatic art. It is not that they do not want esthetic pictures, but that, being busy men and women, they have not the leisure indispensable for a full appreciation of them.

The manager who produces plays which may be and are discussed with interest and affection in a man's home is certain of success. Life, not as it is, but as it should be,

American audiences in particular look for vivacity and rapid sequence. French and German audiences deprecate action at the expense of reflection. They prefer food for thought. Americans are perhaps

is the motive that should be entertained. There is much that is beautiful and real at the same time—much that should furnish good, sound, convincing and interesting material for a successful American play.

 NOVEMBER.

By THOMAS BICKET.

SWEETHEART of mine, the glorious days are dead,
 And all is leaden where the gold has been.
 Lo, underfoot—the dust of summer sheen;
 And where the blue was—darkness overhead.
 The myriad voices of the wood have fled,
 The sullen brook creeps through the faded green,
 And Winter calls, unwelcome and unseen.
 O heart of mine, the golden days are dead—
 Save one, save one sweet, secret, summer span
 When to your lips love's little answer stole,
 And Love, awakened and impassioned, ran
 And bound us twain together, soul to soul.
 O day of June, eternal and apart,
 Thy glory lives, reverberant in my heart!



WOMEN OF THE ULAD NAIL EMPLOYED AS DANCING-GIRLS AT BISKRA.

TO THE SAHARA BY AUTOMOBILE.

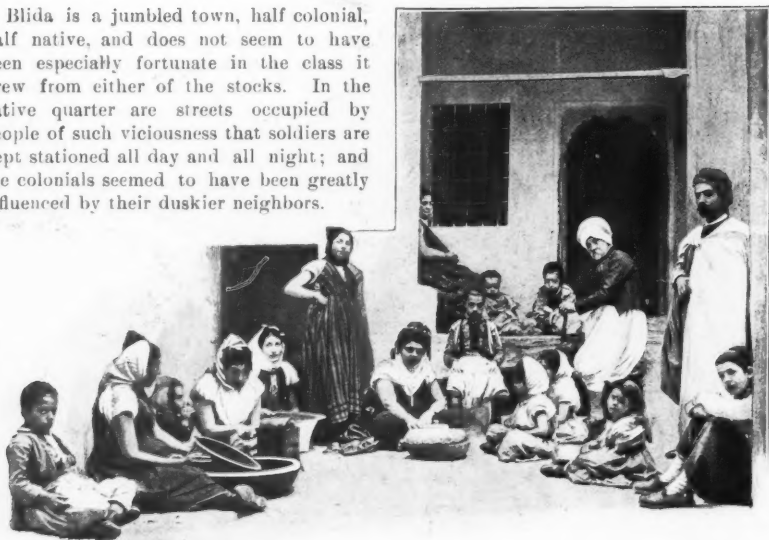
BY VERNER Z. REED.

WE crossed from Marseilles to Algiers, and after twenty-four hours there arose before us the tall, snow-capped mountains of Kabylia. Our course, which had not been laid directly on the usual steamer track, led us for some hours along the coast, and as compensation for the greater amount of time consumed we had the changing views of this lovely mountain-range. And just at sundown a great white city on a hill came into view, with the fading light mellowing and illuminating its towers, minarets and walls, and soon we were at Algiers. The city, aside from its superb situation, is not very interesting to travelers. It is a hybrid town, which has taken on characteristics from its winter colony of quiet English, from its prosperous French colonists and officials, and which still retains, of course, many characteristics of its native population. But to us, who entered its port for the purpose of making a tour by automobile through parts of Algeria and Tunisia, it

was of the importance only of a starting-point. It was the end of January, and we found that we were in the midst of the rainy season, which had ruined many of the roads.

Our first run was to Blida and the great Metidja valley. The roads were the best we found and would compare very favorably with the matchless roads of France. The way led through little colonial villages, each in a sense patterned upon the towns and villages of France, each having its little "place," its "hotel de ville," and perhaps a statue of some of the heroes of the Algerian conquest. The country is well improved, and great vineyards and fields of grain form attractive foregrounds to the tall Atlas Mountains that rise in the distance. Metidja is one of the richest and most fertile regions in the entire colony, but the improvements in the way of buildings and towns are no better than those to be found in any western American settlement of two years of age.

Blida is a jumbled town, half colonial, half native, and does not seem to have been especially fortunate in the class it drew from either of the stocks. In the native quarter are streets occupied by people of such viciousness that soldiers are kept stationed all day and all night; and the colonials seemed to have been greatly influenced by their duskier neighbors.



IN THE JEWISH QUARTER, SIDI OKBA.

We returned to Algiers, then for days the rains again fell, and we were held in the city. But the clouds vanished, the rain ceased, and as we had long been ready, we started. We carried three extra tires, six extra inner tubes, one hundred and ten liters of gasoline, and as many supplies of all kinds as we had room for. There were five of us in the automobile. We traveled in a fifteen-horse-power machine, which we found quite strong enough for the hardest climbs and worst roads we encountered.

We left in the afternoon for the Great Kabylia. For several kilometers our way led over a well-paved road, but we came to the end of the pavement and the fine weather simultaneously, and bumped off into mud several inches deep at the same time that a driving rain began. The roads were well lined with great carts bearing heavy loads to market, with donkey caravans driven by Arabs, and with soldiers. We found most of the carters, and many of the Arabs, to be sullen and sulky, and often it

was necessary to stop and explain to them the danger we encountered by attempting to pass on the sloping sides of the road, before they would give room.

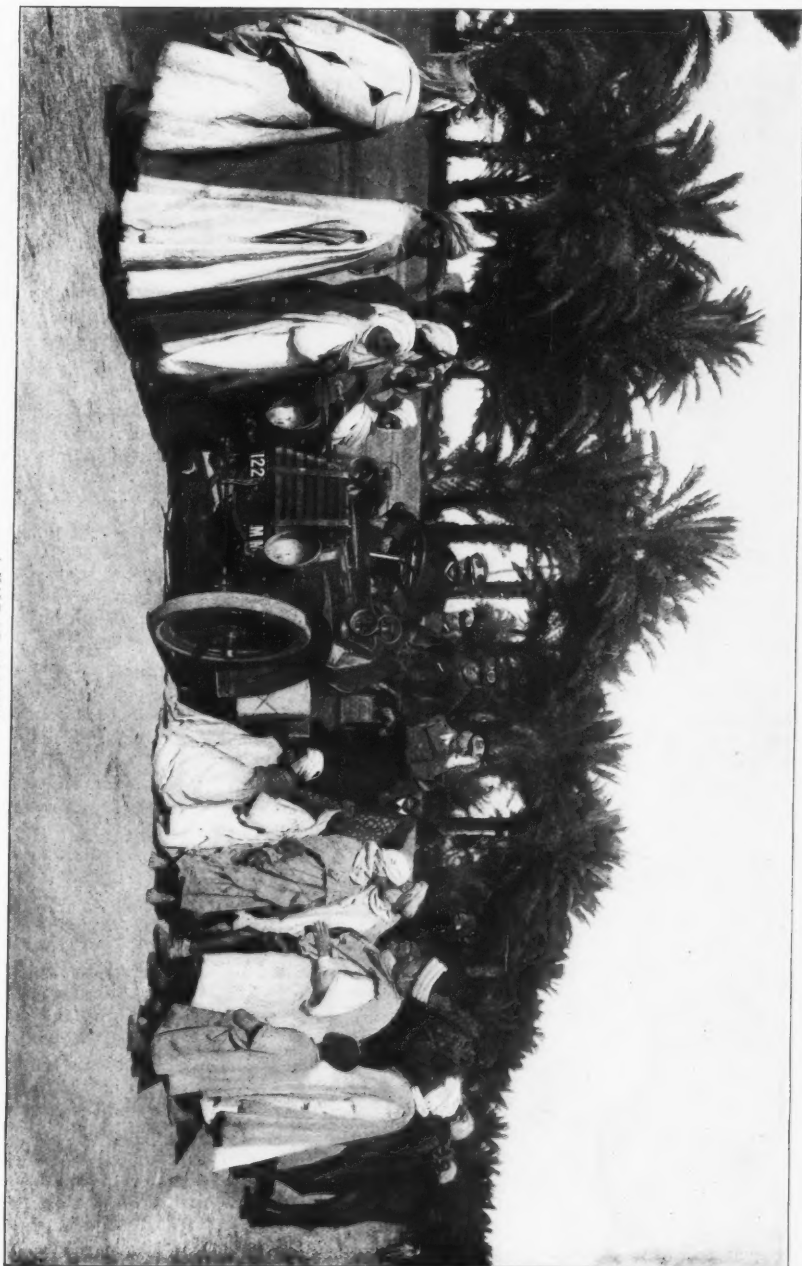
Soon the rain increased in force, and it was not long until we had the road to ourselves, and as the clouds settled about us we were compelled to move very carefully, as we could not see a hundred yards. And, owing to our enforced slow locomotion because of the mud and the rain, the darkness overtook us en route. And with the falling of darkness came such a rain as may have happened at the time of the Flood.

The impact of the water hurt. It rained our acetylene lights out, and made it almost impossible to see through our lunettes, and wholly impossible to see without them. And thus we came to Tiziuzu, where we found a colonial hotel full of colonists, Kabyles, and a troupe of wandering showmen from France.

Tiziuzu is the capital of Kabylia, and the chief market-town of the Kabyles, who are



IN THE SAHARA.



A HALT AT AN OASIS.

among the most interesting races to be found in northern Africa. This race is an offshoot from the Showiah, or ancient Berber, nation. It is supposed that they withdrew from their ancestral stock more than two thousand years ago, and mingled with remnants of Phœnician, Greek and Roman colonies, and thus became, in a sense, a new people. It is known also that much Vandal blood was later introduced into the tribe, and at a later time, they mingled to some extent with the Arabs who came in the days of the great invasion. Blue eyes and fair hair are often seen among them, inheritances from the Vandals, or perhaps from the many fugitives from Europe.

The Kabyles are Mohammedans, but not polygamists. They are noted above all North African peoples for their industry, economy and love of liberty; and until they were conquered by the French, among the last of the Algerian peoples to be subdued, they had remained for centuries as independent communities. Sometimes some Mohammedan bey claimed suzerainty over them, and occasionally their outlying villages were marauded, but their country of Great Kabylia was never really conquered.

And for centuries they have dwelt in their picturesque country of Great Ka-

bylia, tilling the soil, planting olives, figs and cork-oaks, rearing small flocks, hunting in the great forests, and neither ascending nor retrograding in the scale of civilization. Twenty centuries have passed into the great silence since they were first described by travelers, and they remain to-day as they were then. They have been lauded by travelers, historians and poets as models for all who believe in simple, pastoral, Arcadian life. But in fact the Kabyles are very unclean, very sullen, very morose, very ignorant, very bigoted and superstitious, and not always to be trusted in their dealings. They dwell in huts that are no better than pigsties or cattle-sheds, and indeed their sheep and goats and cows often share the same roof and room with them. They are monogamous, but their women—perhaps taking advantage of this and of their

privilege of going unveiled—are proverbially immoral. To their great credit, it may be said that they are very industrious. From his small and often stony field the Kabyle farmer, with a few primitive tools and the aid of a donkey or two, will wrest a livelihood; his patient children will pass the long days in guarding his little flock and herd, and his wife weaves ceaselessly in the bare hut at home. His elder daughter may go to Algiers or



SHOWIAH WOMAN. HER PEOPLE ARE OF THE ORIGINAL BERBERS, PARENT STOCK OF THE NORTHWEST AFRICAN TRIBES.



BEDOUINS CAMPING CLOSE TO AN OASIS IN THE ALGERIAN SAHARA.

Constantine, paint her eyebrows, stain her nails with henna, and disport herself in dances, for stipends, before camel-drivers and Jew tradesmen and French soldiers and chance tourists; but when the wrinkles of age begin to come she will return to her native village, give her savings to the man who will marry her, and end her life in rearing children, grinding grain and weaving haiks.

Every Kabyle village is a kind of republic, although many villagers are often joined together in voluntary federations. Each village is ruled by a chief, but the chief knows, from twenty centuries of tradition, that the rights of the ruled are as sharply defined as those of the rulers, and that a bullet or a knife would end his sway if he attempted encroachment. And now nearly all of the chiefs are holding commissions and drawing pay from the French government, which is wise enough, withal, to leave to the Kabyles as many of their ancient customs as is possible.

We visited the market the next morning, it being one of the principal market-days of the year. Kabyles had come from all the surrounding country, and gathered together in great crowds at the muddy market-place. They were a silent, moody lot, all with dirty, trailing robes, sandaled feet and bare legs. There were oxen at the market, cows, donkeys, sheep, and stalls filled with all the necessaries and luxuries of Kabyle life, and much trading

and bickering went on. But it was all very dreary and was an exemplification of the dreariness of the nation. It only knows that Mohammed is the mouthpiece of God, and that neither God nor Mohammed loves the unbelievers over the sea; and it knows that coffee is higher since the French have come; and it will not bother its head about the crazy nations beyond the sea which prate of progress.

We went through the heart of Great Kabylia, on the road to the sea, and were favored by the clouds breaking before we had gone many miles. We were in the mountains, passing quaint villages that were perched upon the very mountain-crests and looked like great ant-heaps, built of stone of the same color as the mountains themselves. The automobile was a strange sight to the people, and the noise of the horn was enough to send all the children, and often the elders as well, scampering away. In the afternoon we dropped down and down from our great height until we came to the great valley of the Sahel, and were again in a country of fields, farms and good roads, and before long were at the port of Bougie, with its magnificent surroundings.

The next morning, under a blue sky, we skirted the beautiful Bay of Bougie, and for some hours we climbed steadily upward. We passed numerous donkey caravans, bearing goods to the sea at Bougie. We here met the first camel caravans we had

seen, which had made their slow and tedious way from the desert. We came upon a band of Algerian apes—great hairy creatures, lazily feeding upon a mountain-side. They were frightened by the automobile, and scampered to places of safety. The only thing in the great pass that reminded us of Europe or of civilization was the splendid French road, that was cut out to facilitate the passage of troops. All else was of Africa. At the end of the

ruined town, by the French, as a military post, as it is at the junction of several of the great roads of the country. A large garrison of both French and native troops is kept there; and as the place is a convenient station on the great highways, and is also surrounded by a good agricultural and grazing country, it has become a thriving commercial town as well.

From Setif there is a good road to Constantine, being a part of the great highroad



WATER-CARRIERS IN A KABYLE VILLAGE. THE JARS STILL PRESERVE THE ANCIENT ROMAN SHAPES.

great pass, we lunched at a dreary little village, and then went bowling along over the high plateau toward the south. And an hour before the setting of the sun, there rose out of the plain a great walled city, with high towers and great gates; and strange-appearing horsemen, and soldiers with banners and bugles, rode in and out. We had come to Setif, the city that is the great keeper of the roads. Setif is a modern town, built upon the site of a

from Algiers to Tunis. It is almost level, and after a fine run, we saw a beautiful picture arising on the horizon before us—a city set upon a hill, crowned with the walls and towers of a fortress, and with great gorges in the rock all about it; while the sunlight reflected from its spires and minarets, and illumining the blues and yellows of its ancient walls, made it seem like a mirage-city. It was Constantine, one of the most picturesque and most



IN THE PLATEAU REGION OF ALGERIA.

interesting places in North Africa, more distinctively Oriental than Algiers.

Next morning we set out across the great plateau for the Sahara. Our way led through a weary, dreary land, with few inhabitants, and marked sometimes with great salt lakes, upon whose banks weird storks and cranes disported themselves, and where encampments of ragged and stolid Bedouins were found. We lunched at Batna, perhaps the most unlovely place in all Algeria. But the roads were good, the wind was favorable, and by good luck and hard driving we were able to break the record—at least, of that year, and we think of all time up till then—for direct runs between Constantine and Biskra. After Batna we passed some dreary lakes, and then soon began to descend slightly, and we had reached a country with some color in it. The road began to circle in long loops, always descending through a yellow gorge in a yellow earth—and we had come to El Kantara, the gateway of the desert. We drove through a great pass in solid sandstone, and there before us lay the great Sahara.

Below El Kantara, we found a semblance

of a road for a few kilometers, when it suddenly disappeared. Great jagged rocks projected from the sand and gravel, cutting tires viciously; and the surface of the desert was very rough, even when free from stones. We had to ford the river several times, but the water was not deep enough to stop our ignition. We reduced the speed to almost the lowest limit, but the way led over ground that was disastrous to tires at any speed.

We were fortunate not to puncture or explode any tires, but the next day we discovered that almost all the rubber was literally shaved off them. We jolted terribly, and had fears for the motor itself; but after what seemed like long hours—and was really but a comparatively short time—we saw lights gleaming in the distance, and, hungry and happy, we went down into Biskra, the "Pearl of the Desert." Biskra is a hybrid town, partly a resort for Europeans, with great rambling, unsanitary hotels, where one needs considerable imagination to believe that he is enjoying life; with native bazaars, quarters for negroes, quarters for Arabs, quarters given over to dance-houses and the houses of



A PERFORMANCE BY SHOWIAH DANCING-GIRLS, NEAR TIMGAD.

dancing-girls, with encampments of Bedouins and wanderers on the outskirts, and with the great, mysterious, soundless desert stretching away like a dead and silent sea in all directions. The oasis of Biskra is in a high state of cultivation and produces enormous quantities of the most luscious dates. The railway has been pushed to this oasis, chiefly for military reasons, and so Biskra has increased even its ancient importance as one of the chief gateways between the desert and the outer world. It has a considerable commerce with all the oases for some hundreds of miles around, and caravans from Biskra even cross the width of the desert to the wild countries lying beyond its southern borders. Those picturesque but murderous desert bandits, the Tuaregs, sometimes venture into Biskra to barter, and to enjoy what to desert-dwellers makes up the giddy whirl of city life. Gambling-houses and -tents, Arab cafés and dance-houses where the dusky daughters of Afric disport themselves in the *danse du ventre*, line many of the streets, while the women of

that peculiar tribe, the Ulad Nail, occupy an entire street to themselves. The Ulad Nail (People of Nail) are a desert tribe of wandering shepherds and camel-drivers, living the same poor life as all the Bedouins. The women of the tribe become dancing-girls and such, and in every North African town they are found, living only with women, and hoarding their gains. When old age begins to show its first signs, the women return to their tribe, marry, give their savings to their husbands and rear families, of which the daughters will be trained to enter the profession formerly practised by the mothers. They are not handsome, are often quite ugly, are usually not well formed, and are ignorant, avaricious, superstitious, low and uninteresting.

The oasis of Sidi Okba, which is almost untouched by foreign influence, is reached by driving from Biskra. It is a broad oasis, surrounding a large and very unclean town, and containing as its chiefest thing of interest the mosque that was built over the tomb of Okba—who first carried

the Koran and the sword westward across Africa to the Atlantic. To it pilgrimages are made from all the Sahara country.

In the town of Sidi Okba the Jews are restricted to their own quarter, the free blacks to theirs, and the life of the people is as it has been since the time of the Mohammed conquest.

We sent the automobile from Biskra to Batna by train, and set out from Batna for the ruined cities of Lambessa and Timgad, the latter of which is called "the Algerian Pompeii," and which is of more importance, and in better preservation, than any of the numerous ruins that extend all the way from Lambessa to the city of Tunis. Lambessa itself is not of much interest, being dwarfed in this respect by its nearness to its finer neighbor.

The city of Timgad, of which but little mention is made in history, was a Roman city, supposed to have been established during, or before, the time of Trajan, and also supposed to have been the seat of the Thirtieth Legion Ulpia, who were settled here in order to enjoy the fruits of the rich country, but also in order to keep the turbulent tribes of the surrounding region in check. At the beginning of the sixth century, the wild Showiah of the Aures Mountains fell upon the city and totally ruined it.

After we left Timgad, we encountered another very ancient thing—one of the oldest races of people in the world, the Showiah. They dwell to the southeast of Timgad, in the Aures Mountains, where they have lived since the first Phenicians drove them back from the sea. They are the original Berbers, the parent stock of all the indigenous races of North Africa west of Egypt. They are darker than their offshoot kinsmen the Kabyles, more morose than the Arabs, more hardy than any of the other races. And among them, for the first time in the country, we saw some really handsome women.

We drove on to the wretched colonial town of Krenchela, then Ain Beida, on to Hammam Meskudine, across country by a circuitous route to La Calle on the sea, and thence, part of the way over a road where an automobile had never before gone, on to Beja, and again to the sea at Tunis, into which city we limped late one evening—if an automobile may be said to perform such an action as limping. We had traveled two days through a region where it was impossible to get supplies of any kind, and we had remaining but a liter or two of gasoline and enough acetylene to burn for but a few minutes; we were on our last tires, and even they were worn down to the canvas linings.

We had seen ancient things from the



VIEW OF BISKRA, THE "PEARL OF THE DESERT."

time we had first put our feet on the shore of Africa, but in all our devious journey we had seen nothing more ancient than the prehistoric city of Tunis—that city which was old in that fabled time when Dido and her Phenicians came demanding land, which was old before Gaul and Britain were even discovered, and which has outlasted Carthage, and exists to-day, vital and beautiful, while its great rivals are but memories in the history of mankind.

Algeria and Tunisia were once called the

their native lands. The Italian colonists seem to be of the same grade as those who go to America. The French colonists do not seem to be of as good stuff as those of their own classes who remain in France, and this fact, with the French habit of always returning to the motherland as soon as they can afford it, accounts in some measure for the rather backward state of these colonies—for Tunis in all but name is a French colony. There seems to be no progress among the native races, and no



DUNES OF THE AHMAR-KREDDU, DESERT OF SAHARA, AS SEEN FROM THE COL DE SFA.

granary of the Roman Empire. They have retrograded until they are now regions half wild, poorly improved, and in many parts almost undeveloped. The denuding of the forests, centuries ago, did much to impair the fertility of the country, but in spite of that the greater parts of both colonies are productive and naturally rich. The countries are not pleasant ones in which to live, and the colonists, whether French, Italian or Maltese, all seem to be anxious to accumulate sufficient fortunes to enable them to return to

hope for them to advance. Their blood is constantly being mixed, as it has been for centuries, but improvement does not follow. They have no arts worthy of the name, skill in but a few handicrafts, no real education, no inventive faculty, and they are sunken in grossness and superstition. To lead sensual lives of idleness, to possess harems, to listen to the lewd songs of their singers and witness the dull, low and changelessly monotonous dances of their ignorant women, is the beginning and end of their ambition.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN.

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

THEY stopped at noon beside a shallow brook, more mud than water, to rest, and to eat a little of the cold food in their knapsacks. When the brief meal was ended, Chilton, the Kentuckian, strolled out on the prairie and looked about him.

Except the horses, his was the only upright figure within the circle of the horizon. Far off to the left were patches of squat, thorny bushes, and nearer by ran a fringe of ragged and desolate weeds. Overhead burned a coppery sun, swinging low, and the chief impression upon his mind was that of desolation and loneliness.

"Have I been fighting four years for this?" murmured Chilton.

His eyes followed the circle of the horizon, but everywhere he saw the same—the rolling brown plains, the scanty grass, the desolate weeds and thorn-bush, all shriveling in the fierce rays of the sun. Then he walked back to the brookside.

"How far is it to the border, Chilton?" asked Hicks, the oldest of the party, a thick-set Mississippian of fifty.

"Bloodgood says we ought to make it in three days of hard riding, and he knows the country."

"So we can," said Bloodgood, the Texan, "if the horses don't give out. Texas is a big state and it has good country and bad. This isn't part of the good."

"I should think not," said Chilton, looking again at the sweep of desolation about them. "Let the Yankees have it and welcome, for they'll take it anyhow. Everything's Yankee now from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande."

Young Hicks stirred in his sleep and rolled over, where the sun had a fair aim at his face. Old Hicks, his father, put the boy's broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, and, protected from the glare, he slept peacefully on.

The Dupuy brothers, the South Carolinians, rose and began to buckle the girths of their horses. McCormick, the Florida cracker, a long, thin, yellow man,

followed them, and the bustle of the start began.

"Wake the boy," said Chilton. "We'd better be going."

"It's time to mount again, Frank," said old Hicks, shaking his son, "and then ho for Mexico!"

"Hurrah for Mexico!" said the boy, with enthusiasm, "and may the deuce take this country, since we couldn't keep the Yankees out of it! We'll never live on this soil or under the Yankee flag again! Let's take an oath on it, pledge our faith to one another. No, let's sign an agreement."

The proposal was boyish like the proposer, but it found favor with the sullen and defiant temper of the men.

"Good enough," said Chilton. "I have a note-book and the stub of an old lead pencil, and I guess they'll do."

So he drew up a rude statement that the undersigned had served four years in the Confederate army, and, being still loyal to their cause, refused to live in the Yankee republic. Moreover, they took an oath to do all they could to break it up. Then they swore and signed, the whole ten, the boy first and Chilton last. Chilton folded the paper carefully and put it in an inside pocket of his waistcoat, where he also carried a little purse of American gold.

Then they mounted their horses and rode on. The formal oath of renunciation pleased them and soothed their sullen and angry tempers. These men, one of them fifty years old, began to build air-castles—castles in Mexico.

"If enough of the old Confederates would only go down there," said Taylor, the Georgian, "we might establish, with the start that the country already has, a power which would offset that of the Yankees."

"It's not impossible," said Chilton, meditatively. "We are not the only Southerners on the way to Mexico, and as we succeed others will be drawn after us."

In a year or two we ought to have at least fifty thousand Confederates about us, and we'll be enough to run things. We'll establish a new power, a great empire, in Mexico."

Their spirits swelled so high that they broke into a gallop, Bloodgood, the Texan, in the lead, as he was to be the guide to the frontier. They rose from the prairie rather late the next morning. The day was gray and not promising. Young Hicks noticed a raw damp in the air that made him shiver. They ate breakfast, and, mounting, refreshed themselves with a gallop, and then built more castles in Mexico. But the gray in the air thickened into a mist, and the sun looked pale and sick. Young Hicks shivered and wrapped his army blanket around his shoulders.

The cold increased rapidly and the wind began to blow. It raised clouds of dust and sand which turned into curious shapes, and, whirling after one another across the plain, passed out of sight. The horses snorted with fright and cold. The Ten rode in a close huddle, men and horses rubbing against one another, for the sake both of comradeship and of prudence. They came to a low hill which bore a patch of dwarfed trees and interlacing thorn-bushes, and behind it they found some shelter from the storm, now sweeping the prairie with all the fury of a simoom in the Sahara. The sand and dust were driven before the wind in thick clouds, but most of it passed over their heads now, though it made a whistling and shrieking noise like the sound of flying bullets in battle. The cold was bitter and reached the bone. Rain began to fall, but soon changed to showers of hail which beat upon the men and cut their faces. It was as dark as night.

They remained silent, shivering in their wet clothes, until the norther began to abate. The whistle and shriek of the wind died, the air ceased to be a compound of sand and dust, and the sun, breaking a way at last through the clouds, poured a flood of light over the earth which melted the sheets of hail and turned the temperature in an hour from midwinter to midsummer.

"This is bad on those who have fresh-cured wounds," said Old Hicks to Chil-

ton. He looked anxiously as he spoke at Young Hicks, whose face was pinched and white.

"The boy will stand it all right," said Chilton, confidently. "He's a tough sapling, he is."

Old Hicks seemed to be reassured somewhat, and the Ten rode on. The sunshine was bright enough, and the air warm enough, but Young Hicks was strangely quiet. Presently his teeth began to rattle together.

"He has a chill, a bad one," said Old Hicks to Chilton.

"Then we must stop and doctor him; it's the wet clothes," replied Chilton.

They built a fire of dead bushes, fallen last year, which they coaxed into a blaze, but it did no good; the boy was in the grip of a chill of the very strongest kind, and following the usual course, the icy cold of his body soon began to change to a heat equally fierce.

"We've got to camp," said Chilton to the others. "We can't go on with the boy in this fix."

The lad's fever rose so high that he became delirious, and talked about his home in northern Mississippi which he had not seen in three years.

"Who's there?" asked Chilton of Old Hicks—meaning the place of which the boy talked.

"Nobody but the old lady."

"The old lady?"

"Of course, you don't know—his grandmother, I mean, his mother's mother. His mother died when he was born, and the old lady raised him. She's up there now, sly and stout, if she is seventy. It's up in the hills; not much of a place, but the house is clean and warm, and there's plenty of green grass, and a spring of cool water running out of the hill back of the house. The old lady wrote me that the war hadn't touched it."

"We'll find better in Mexico," said Chilton, stoutly.

Bloodgood, the Texan, who had gone for an antelope, came back in an hour, without the game but with something very much more surprising—a party of ranchmen who had been selling cattle on the Mexican border and were now returning northward with their profits. They traveled



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"THEY BROKE INTO A GALLOP,
BLOODGOOD, THE TEXAN,
IN THE LEAD."

in comfortable style and had a wagon loaded with provisions, to which they invited the Ten to help themselves. They produced, too, some quinine from their medicine-chest, with which they dosed Young Hicks, and said he would be all right next day.

The two parties became so fraternal that they pitched their camp together for the

night. The leader of the ranchmen, a big, brown-faced man named Allen, offered to take charge of the camp until morning, and Chilton, being weary, was content, and sought sleep, which he soon found.

He was awakened once in the night by the sound of men talking, so he thought, but he was so sleepy that it was merely a vague impression, and he closed his eyes again in a moment.

The ranchmen said they would start first in the morning, as they were traveling in a hurry, and when Chilton arose a half dozen of them and the wagon

were disappearing over a swell of the earth.

"We'll eat our breakfast as we go along," said Allen. "Good-by!"

"We'll do the same," said Chilton, and he and his comrades mounted their horses and rode in the other direction. He was silent for half an hour, thinking, and then he said, suddenly:

"How's the boy?"

There was silence for at least a minute, and then everybody looked at Old Hicks. The man was fifty years old and brown, but a flush came in his face.

"Allen said it wasn't right for the boy to go on with us," he answered, apologetically. "Besides, he was talking a lot about the old lady and the place back there on the hill. Well, he's in the ranchmen's wagon, lying very comfortable on some bags of meal, going north."

"But he swore," said Chilton.

"It don't count; he's under twenty-one," replied Old Hicks, guiltily.

The Nine rode on in silence.

Chilton presently pulled out the piece of paper which contained the agreement and scratched out Young Hicks's name.

"What are you doing?" asked Carter, the Tennessean.

"I'm keeping our names out of bad company," replied Chilton.

Old Hicks heard him, but said nothing, though the flush came again to his face.

Chilton, Bloodgood and others began to discuss the country, which had improved somewhat, but seemed very unfamiliar to Bloodgood. He believed they had wandered from the right direction, and when he examined a rude map which he carried, he was convinced of it.

"There's nothing to do," he said, "but to ride southward, and if we keep going we're sure to come to the Rio Grande at last."

Water was necessary for the night's camp, but they saw none; and taking the most conspicuous mound he could find as a center of operations, Chilton sent every man off from it in a direct line, like the spokes radiating from the hub of a wheel, each to return at the end of an hour to the hub. He did not find any, but as he rode back toward the mound at the end of

an hour, Carter, coming from the west, hailed him with a shout of triumph, and Chilton's mind was at rest.

"It runs out of a hillside not more than two miles from here," said Carter.

All the others had failed, but Carter's discovery was enough.

"Hello!" Chilton suddenly exclaimed in surprise; "there are only eight of us!"

Each man looked over the little party, and then all said as if by one impulse:

"Old Hicks!"

"What's that bit of white on the hill there?" asked Carter.

Paul Dupuy dismounted and picked up a scrap of paper, held in place by a thorn.

"There's writing on it," he announced.

"What does it say?" asked Chilton.

"'Luck be with you,'" read Dupuy.

Chilton rode back a little distance in their path on the plain, and saw mixed with the hoof-prints those of one horse going in the other direction.

"He's gone, boys; we won't see him any more," said Chilton, when he came back.

"I suppose that a man has to look after his son," said Taylor, the Georgian, to McCormick.

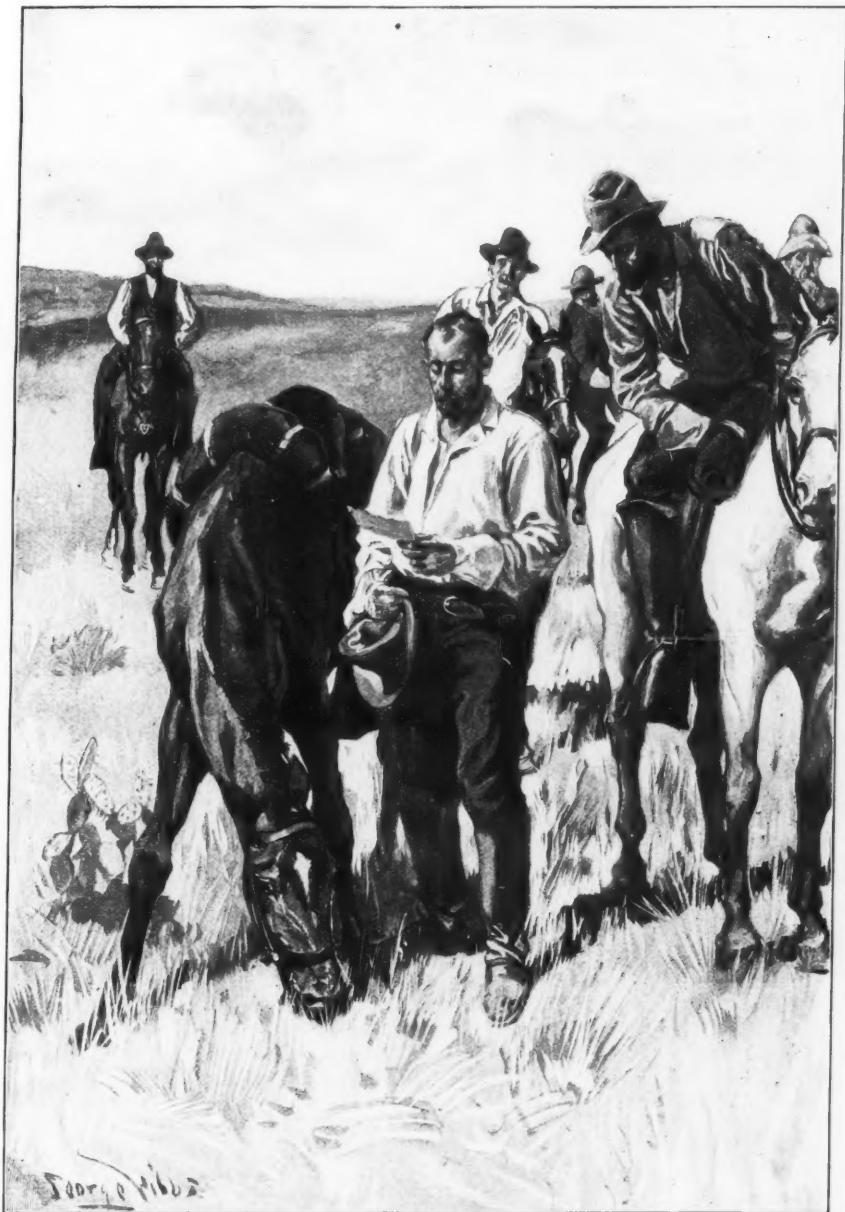
It was a snug little place that Carter had found, a tiny rivulet spouting out of a hillside and trickling away across the prairie. After all, men and horses, had drunk from the stream, the men tethered the horses in the green grass by the water-side.

As usual, they set a watch, which Paul Dupuy was to keep the first half of the night, and Taylor the second half. It was past one in the morning when Paul Dupuy awakened Taylor and called upon him to take the relief.

"Not a bad spot, eh, Paul?" said Taylor, the Georgian, to Dupuy. "If this hill were a little higher and there were a few more trees, it might pass for a patch of North Georgia, where I used to live."

"We're going to build an empire in Mexico, and you won't see Georgia any more," replied Dupuy.

"That's true," replied Taylor. "I never had much in Georgia, anyway. It



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"PAUL DUPUY DISMOUNTED AND PICKED UP A SCRAP OF PAPER."

was a two-roomed log house, and about twenty acres, I guess. There were ten acres more, but I'd been lawing over it and the case wasn't settled. That ten acres was claimed by Bill Moore, my neighbor, the meanest man that was ever born, and he went to law. The case had been going on ten years, when he enlisted in the Yankee army and I joined the rebs."

"What became of him?" asked Dupuy.

"Why, he went back there, of course," replied Taylor, "for he was too mean a man to get killed. And—thunderation! he'll be winning that ten-acre suit while I'm off building empires in Mexico."

He said not another word, but taking his rifle in hand, began his duties of sentinel and strode up and down, his eyes somber.

Chilton was first to awake, the light of a brilliant morning sun shining on his eyes.

"Up, boys!" he shouted, and then added: "Hey there, Taylor, all quiet through the night? Here, what the devil has become of Taylor? Why, the man's gone!"

"His horse is gone, too," said Bloodgood.

Chilton swore.

"What's this?" called Kidd, pointing to a tree.

Cut rudely in the soft bark of a tree with the keen point of a knife were some words. Chilton read them aloud:

"Gone to win that ten-acre case."

He looked around for a meaning, and seeing the light of understanding on Paul Dupuy's face, said, loudly and sharply:

"Well?"

Dupuy told the story of the ten-acre suit as he had heard it, for the first time, from Taylor the night before.

The brief breakfast was eaten in silence, and then they left the place, the horses turning reluctant eyes toward the green grass and fresh water. After the noon halt, Kidd, the Arkansan, rode up by the side of Chilton, who was in the lead. Chilton liked the man, who was the wildest and roughest of all the party, but who had a certain air of gaiety and humor about

him. He came from a frontier portion of Arkansas near the Choctaw line, and throughout the war had been a valiant, even rash soldier.

"Will these Mexicans fight?" he asked Chilton. "I don't want to be any emperor over people who haven't got sand."

"Pretty well," replied Chilton. "My father was in the Mexican war and I've heard him talk about 'em. I guess if they're well led, they'll stand up."

"There's a crowd of fellows up in Arkansasaw I'd like to have down there with us," said Kidd, reflectively.

"They'd fight, I suppose," said Chilton, with a smile.

"Fight!" replied the Arkansan, responding readily to the intended provocation. "I reckon they would! That's what they've been raised on. Why, Chilton, I fought in the feud with the Jewells before I was fourteen years old, and kept on fighting in it until the war came up and both sides went to that; and I reckon if I was back in Arkansasaw I'd be fighting in it again, for the Jewells will begin just where they left off, sure!"

He stopped short, kicked his horse in the side, and swore one of his choicest oaths.

"What's the matter, Kidd?" asked Chilton.

"To think of it!" burst out the Arkansan. "The feud will be raging more than ever because of its four years' rest, and me, the best fighting-man the Kidds have got, down in Mexico two thousand miles from the scenes of slaughter, building up a throne or some such fool thing for myself! Why, it's cowardice, rank treason in me!"

"Kidd, what do you mean? What are you talking about?" exclaimed Chilton, stopping his horse and reining him across the path.

"I mean that I'm going to ride straight to Arkansasaw!" said Kidd, also stopping his horse. "To Jericho with Mexico and all Mexicans! Do you think they can fight that feud there in Arkansasaw without me? If you do, I don't. Good-by. Don't any of you boys try to stop me, because it isn't well for friends to quarrel and hurt one another!"

He waved his hand to his comrades and

rode on the back track, the figure of the horse and man growing smaller and smaller until it became a mere black mark against the horizon, and then nothing.

"We are only six now," said Carter, presently; "but at any rate, we are six men loyal and true."

They began to talk again of the Rio Grande, which they hoped to reach in a day or so, and they built new castles in Mexico until they stopped for the night. After supper, McCormick produced from his saddle-bags an old and battered little accordion with which he could produce the semblance of a tune or two. With the darkness and the lone prairie as a background adding to the music a certain weirdness and a touch of softness which it had not, the effect was not so bad. Felix Dupuy was lying on his blanket, the light from the camp-fire flickering faintly over his face. He and his brother were of a Huguenot family of Charleston, many generations on American soil, but still French in looks from head to heel, slim, dark and neat. Felix was the youngest of the Ten, next to Young Hicks, and the cracked music of the old accordion seemed to make him forgetful of the prairie. His brother, two years older, was watching him closely, but said nothing until the end of the fifth tune.

"We've danced by that many a time in old Charleston, eh, Felix?" said Paul.

"That's true," said Felix, "but those good old times can't come again. The Yankees have Charleston now."

"But the same people that built up Charleston before will have to build it up again," said Paul. "The dancing and the music will go on just as they did before the war. Maybe they are going on this very minute. It would be fine, Felix, to walk there again on the old Battery in the cool of the evening with the sea-breeze on your face, and see the pretty girls in white dresses with the red roses in their hair."

Chilton and Carter kept the watch that night, and when the first bar of sunlight shot up in the east, the six arose and ate their breakfast, all talking freely except Felix Dupuy, who seemed abstracted and gloomy. Then five of them rode briskly away to the south, but Felix Dupuy,

the sixth, rode in the other direction.

"Look at Felix Dupuy!" said Bloodgood.

"He's left us!"

"Is your brother crazy?" Chilton asked of Paul Dupuy.

"Felix was thinking too much about Charleston last night," replied Paul, his voice full of excuse for his brother, "and he is really out of his head, like a man with a fever. If one were to talk with him sensibly, his mind would clear up and he'd come back."

"Then try it," said Chilton.

Paul put his horse to the gallop and the others remained where they were, watching the experiment. Paul rapidly overtook Felix, who seemed not to hear the galloping hoofs behind him. Chilton liked the spirited way in which the elder brother pursued the younger.

Paul rode up beside Felix and the two began to talk earnestly, as the others could tell by the motions of their heads, but the brothers, still talking, rode on, side by side, never looking back until their figures grew misty on the horizon.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Carter. "They've both gone!"

That was the last word spoken for many hours. At the noon halt, they saw a herd of antelope on the horizon, and it occurred to all four that fresh meat would be a good thing to have. McCormick wished the honor of shooting the antelope, and they agreed that he should get the game.

He rode away in a direction somewhat to the right of the herd. McCormick was a saturnine man. His was a solitary nature. He had lived before the war far down on the Florida peninsula, on a spot of sand among the swamps, where he could bask in the warm sunshine through winter and summer alike.

That was the life that suited McCormick, who was created for a Robinson Crusoe, and when he rode off after the antelope the sun that blazed down on him seemed to him to be the same sun that he had known in Florida. He had a little hut there on the sand-spit in which he kept his guns and ammunition and skins and other small property. He had nailed up the door when he went off to the war, and as the

hut stood in the wilderness, he had no doubt it was there waiting for him just as he had left it.

The wind was singing a strange tune in the blood of McCormick. He knew all the intricate country around that home of his in the Florida marshes. In a neck of woods between two swamps an old panther roamed at nights. McCormick believed him to be the biggest of his kind in Florida, and four times he had shot at him and missed. Then the war came.

"After I've become a great man in Mexico, I'll go back and see that little hut of mine and shoot that panther," he said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

He passed over a swell of earth, and it was time to dismount and stalk the antelope. He did not dismount.

"I think I'll go and see that hut now, and get that panther," he said. "As well as I can make out, that house of mine in Florida is some thousands of miles east of here, slightly by north."

He rode east slightly by north.

Chilton, Carter and Bloodgood waited a long time for the return of McCormick, or some evidence that he was still stalking the game. But the sound of no rifle-shot came to their ears; the antelope, though only dim figures against the horizon, seemed undisturbed and grazed peacefully. The three looked at one another with suspicion.

"Let's see what has become of McCormick," said Carter.

They rode toward the swell of earth beyond which he had disappeared, and there Bloodgood, who was an old plainsman, dismounted and examined the soft soil.

"He never left his horse's back," he announced, "and here goes his trail, to the east and straight away from the antelope."

It was sufficient. Bloodgood remounted his horse and the Three continued their journey southward, silent and sad.

About the middle of the afternoon, Bloodgood checked his horse and, pointing over the prairie, announced briefly that men were coming. The others were less used than he to the plains, and for a minute or two could see nothing; then they descried dimly moving figures.

"They are Indians coming our way," said Bloodgood.

The Indians rose fast from the plain as they were approaching at a half gallop. They were all warriors, at least twenty in number, gay with paint, gaudy feathers and bright blankets. Bloodgood uttered a joyful shout, and spurred his horse forward to meet the leader of the band, a large Indian with a fine presence and the features of an old Roman, to whom he gave welcome by the name of Red Dog. Red Dog knew Bloodgood, too, at once, and shook hands with him in the American fashion. Then they talked, and white and red camped together.

"Old Red Dog tells me," said Bloodgood to Chilton, "that he's started with this band on the biggest hunting-trip of his life. These men are picked warriors and hunters of the Comanche nation, and they are going to make a complete circuit after the buffalo through northern and western Texas and then into New Mexico to Santa Fé, where they'll sell the hides."

Chilton happened to be looking the other way then, and he did not see that Bloodgood's eyes were glistening. He said it was time for white men and red to part and go their ways, and shaking hands again, they mounted their horses. The Indians turned their faces toward the northwest, formed a kind of hollow square, and Bloodgood was in the center of it.

"Bid your white brother farewell," said Red Dog, with gravity and dignity, to Chilton and Carter. "He goes with us and his heart goes with us, too."

"It is true," called out the Texan, "but wherever you go, boys, I wish you luck."

The chief said something to his warriors. They burst into a long and thrilling whoop, shook their rifles, waved their lances and dashed off in a wild gallop toward the northwest, the Texan as joyous as any in the wild band.

"Well," said Chilton, looking at his comrade, "it is only you and I, Carter, Kentucky and Tennessee."

They rode into the south, sitting erect in their saddles, their faces defiant. About dusk, they selected a camp in a little grove. The night came on, thick and dark, but the fire was a red beam in its center, and the two men sitting beside it basked in its gladness and glow.



Drawn by
George Gibbs.

"THE MEXICAN DREW A KNIFE."

"I'll take a last look at the horses to see that they're all right," said Chilton, "and then I think we'd better roll up in our blankets and go to sleep."

He walked toward the horses, and three yards from the fire the darkness swallowed him up. He was invisible to Carter, but looking back, Chilton could see the red gleam of the coals and the dim figure of Carter sitting beside them. He saw the Tennessean take something out of his coat and look at it a long time. When he put it back, Chilton returned to the fire.

"Carter," he said, and his voice was stern, "I'm ashamed of you, to be looking at a picture that way! You, with four years of desperate war just behind you and a greater career just before you, to be giving way to sloppy sentiment!"

"I'm not ashamed of myself," said Carter.

"Where does she live?" asked Chilton.

"In Nashville; I knew her there before the war."

"That was four years ago."

"But I saw her there just before the battle with Thomas."

"I guess she has married some other fellow by this time."

"I guess not; I know she hasn't."

There was a strong suggestion of defiance in the Tennessean's manner, and Chilton did not deem it wise to say more.

When they saddled their horses the next morning, Carter held out his hand.

"Good-by, Chilton," he said. "Let's part friends."

"Going to see her, I suppose?" said Chilton.

"Yes," replied Carter; and there was in his voice a note of defiance.

"I don't think it's more than one day's ride to Mexico," said Chilton, not taking the offered hand.

"But it's very many days' ride to Nashville," said Carter, "and I must start early. See here, Chilton, we've been comrades in war a long time and we don't want to part enemies, now that we have peace."

Chilton yielded, and shook the offered hand, though reproach was in his eye.

They mounted and rode away in opposite directions, Carter to the north and Chilton to the south. Chilton never looked back. After a while, he took out a sheet

of paper and tore it up; he did not want his name to be beside the others.

When Chilton said that Mexico was not more than a day's ride away, he made his time allowance too large, for by four o'clock in the afternoon he saw a yellow streak on the horizon. The streak broadened into a bar, and then became a wide, shallow river of muddy water which he knew was the Rio Grande. Beyond that yellow river lay the Mexico which was to be the scene of his triumphs. He felt emotion and urged his horse into a trot.

In half an hour he was beside the bank of the yellow stream, and two miles down he saw a tiny steamer about the size of a launch bearing the American flag. Some customs duty, thought Chilton, for smugglers were thick along the frontier.

The river was too deep to ford, but he saw a few adobe huts near by and a large skiff tied to the bank. Two Mexicans came to his hail at one of the huts and began to prepare the boat, when he showed them a small gold coin. One of them pointed to the little steamer still plainly visible on the river.

"The Yankees!" he said, in fair English.

"Yes; what business have they around here?" asked Chilton.

"None," replied the Mexican. "But they come, without it. We do not like them; they are cowards, robbers."

"What's that?" asked Chilton, sharply.

The second Mexican repeated the words of the first, and Chilton, flushing with anger, shouted, "Take it back, you liar!"

The Mexican drew a knife. Chilton, with a swift blow, struck him on the wrist, and the knife flew into the air. The second man came to the assistance of his comrade, but a fist driven into his face by the powerful arm of Chilton sent him head over heels. He sprang lightly to his feet and the two ran away. Chilton looked at their flying forms and rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"Thunderation!" he said. "After fighting four years against the Yankees, here I am, fighting for them!"

He mounted his horse and, riding to the highest point of the bank, gazed long at the Mexican shore.

"Well, it doesn't look like a very good country, anyway," he said, at length.

Turning his horse, he rode due north.



OMAR RÉPÉTANT
By Richard Le Gallienne

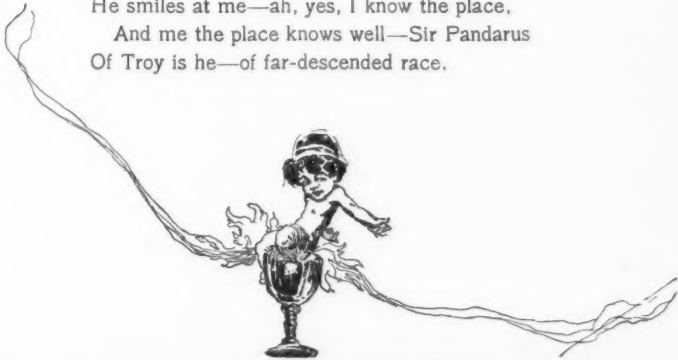
Drawings by Charles Sarka.

NIGHT falls, the stars are rising, and full soon
Over New York shall float the simple moon ;
How bright the streets are with the women's eyes,
And the false friendship of the smart saloon !

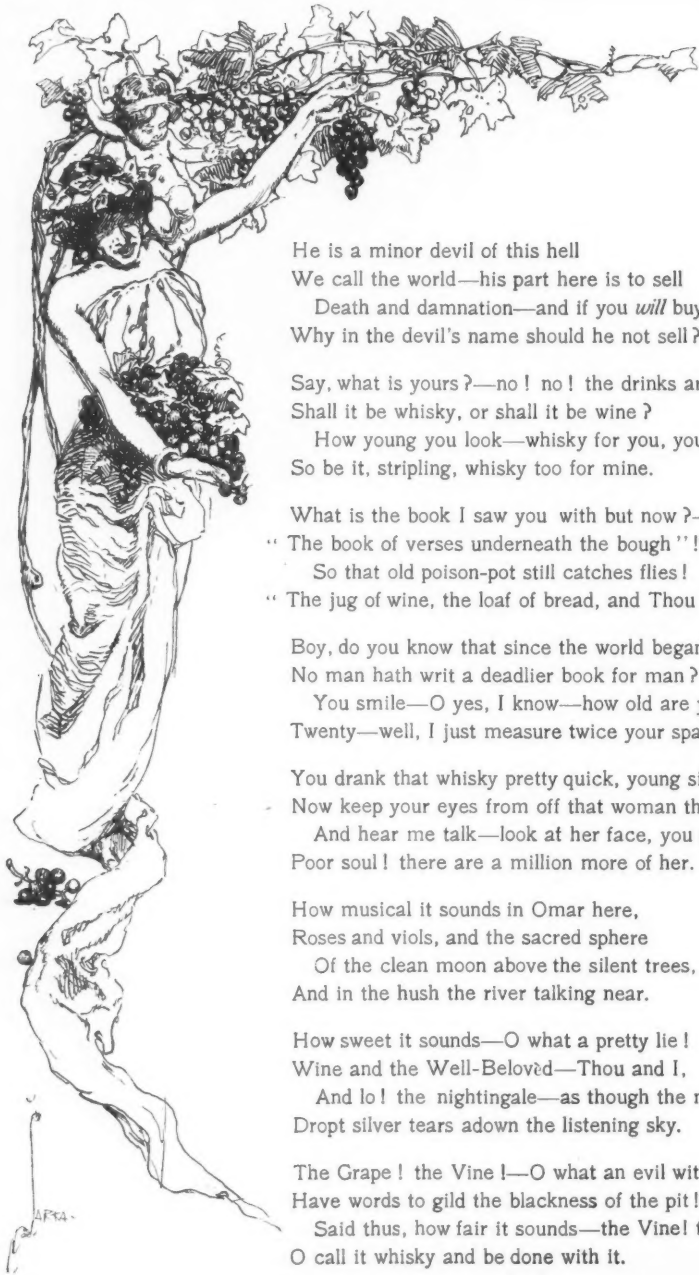
Lo ! Broadway like a lane of fallen stars ;
Hearken the roaring cataract of bars,
The scented rustle of the prowling face,
The cling-clang and the moaning of the cars.

Turn we awhile into this pleasant den,
And talk with me of this strange world of men.
A world, alas ! alas ! of women too—
Turn we awhile into this pleasant den.

See the bartender with his subtle face !
He smiles at me—ah, yes, I know the place,
And me the place knows well—Sir Pandarus
Of Troy is he—of far-descended race.



OMAR REPENTANT.



He is a minor devil of this hell
 We call the world—his part here is to sell
 Death and damnation—and if you *will* buy,
 Why in the devil's name should he not sell?

Say, what is yours?—no! no! the drinks are mine;
 Shall it be whisky, or shall it be wine?
 How young you look—whisky for you, you say?
 So be it, stripling, whisky too for mine.

What is the book I saw you with but now?—
 "The book of verses underneath the bough"
 So that old poison-pot still catches flies!
 "The jug of wine, the loaf of bread, and Thou"!

Boy, do you know that since the world began
 No man hath writ a deadlier book for man?
 You smile—O yes, I know—how old are you?
 Twenty—well, I just measure twice your span.

You drank that whisky pretty quick, young sir—
 Now keep your eyes from off that woman there,
 And hear me talk—look at her face, you say!
 Poor soul! there are a million more of her.

How musical it sounds in Omar here,
 Roses and viols, and the sacred sphere
 Of the clean moon above the silent trees,
 And in the hush the river talking near.

How sweet it sounds—O what a pretty lie!
 Wine and the Well-Belovèd—Thou and I,
 And lo! the nightingale—as though the moon
 Dropt silver tears adown the listening sky.

The Grape! the Vine!—O what an evil wit
 Have words to gild the blackness of the pit!
 Said thus, how fair it sounds—the Vine! the Grape!
 O call it whisky and be done with it.

Here is the lie—now listen while I tell
The truth of this vine-trellised path to hell.

Would I could harrow up your soul with
it—
You want another whisky?—ring the bell.

“Your health”—great God! your health! and straight
you drink
Disease and Death—upon the cesspool’s brink
I cry “Your health”—and with a laugh you drain
The poison that makes soul and body stink.

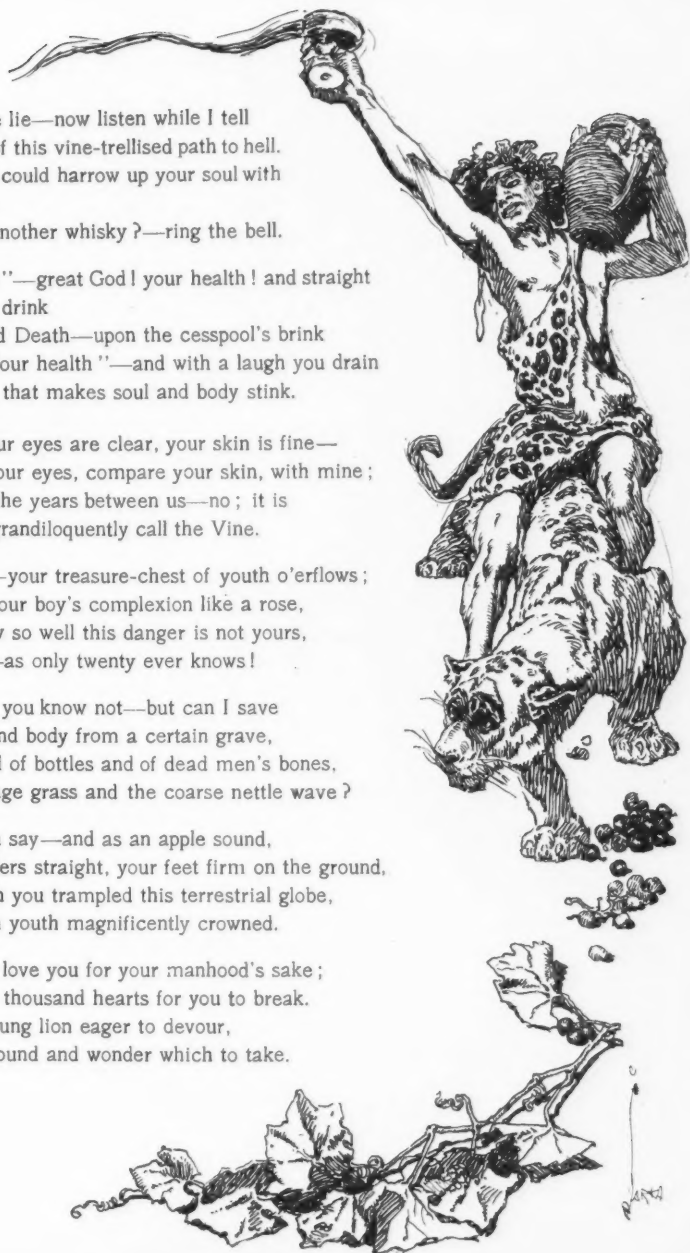
Listen! your eyes are clear, your skin is fine—
Compare your eyes, compare your skin, with mine;
'Tis not the years between us—no; it is
What you grandiloquently call the Vine.

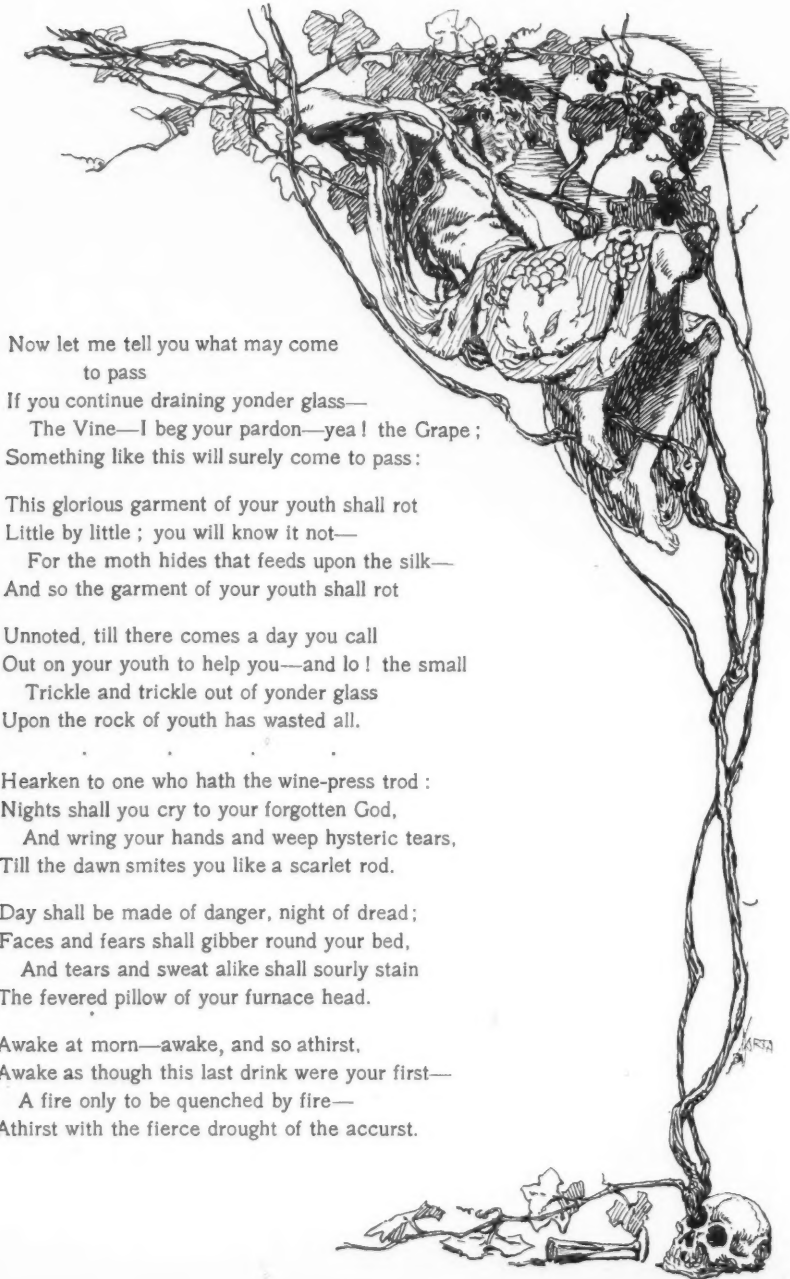
You laugh—your treasure-chest of youth o'erflows;
You, with your boy's complexion like a rose,
You know so well this danger is not yours,
You know—as only twenty ever knows!

I know that you know not—but can I save
Your soul and body from a certain grave,
Filled full of bottles and of dead men's bones,
Where savage grass and the coarse nettle wave?

Twenty, you say—and as an apple sound,
Your shoulders straight, your feet firm on the ground,
As though you trampled this terrestrial globe,
A king, with youth magnificently crowned.

The women love you for your manhood's sake;
There are a thousand hearts for you to break.
Like a young lion eager to devour,
You look around and wonder which to take.





Now let me tell you what may come
to pass

If you continue draining yonder glass—

The Vine—I beg your pardon—yea! the Grape;
Something like this will surely come to pass:

This glorious garment of your youth shall rot
Little by little; you will know it not—

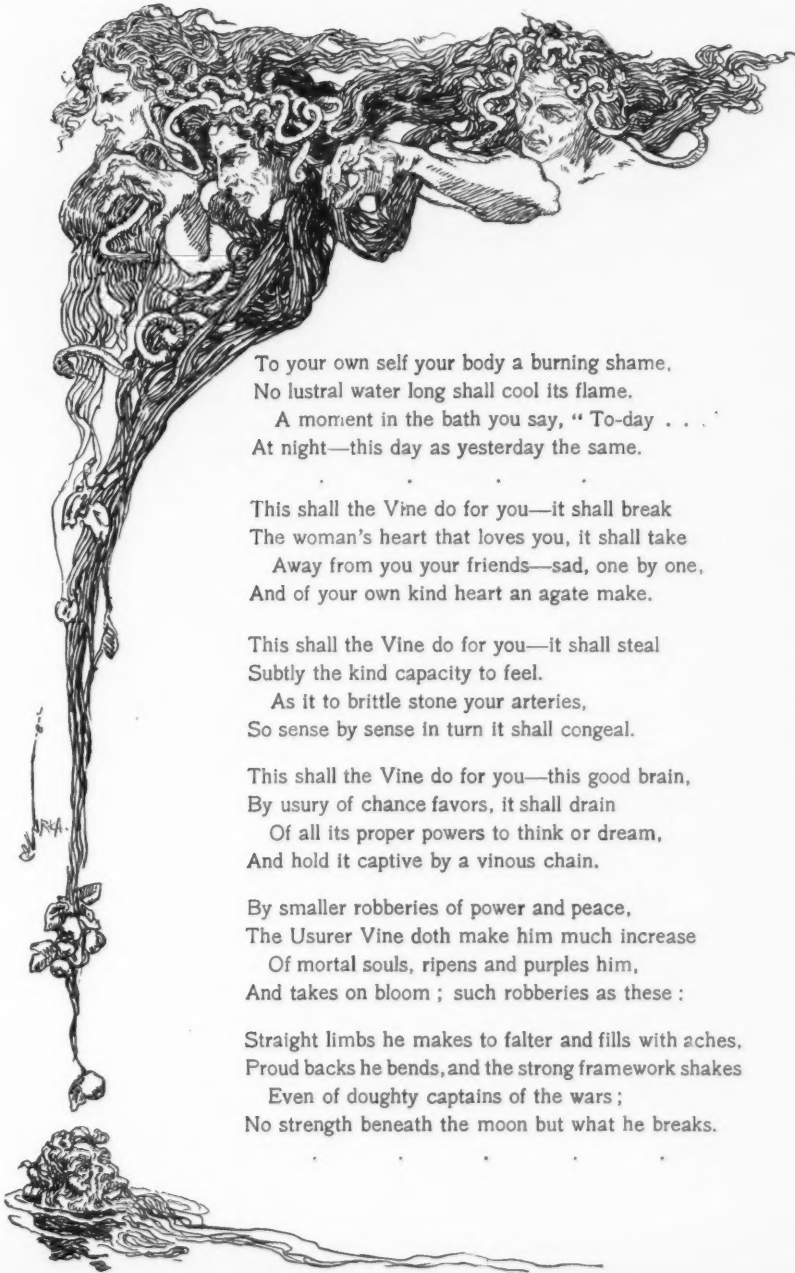
For the moth hides that feeds upon the silk—
And so the garment of your youth shall rot

Unnoted, till there comes a day you call
Out on your youth to help you—and lo! the small
Trickle and trickle out of yonder glass
Upon the rock of youth has wasted all.

Hearken to one who hath the wine-press trod:
Nights shall you cry to your forgotten God,
And wring your hands and weep hysteric tears,
Till the dawn smites you like a scarlet rod.

Day shall be made of danger, night of dread;
Faces and fears shall gibber round your bed,
And tears and sweat alike shall sourly stain
The fevered pillow of your furnace head.

Awake at morn—awake, and so athirst.
Awake as though this last drink were your first—
A fire only to be quenched by fire—
Athirst with the fierce drought of the accurst.



To your own self your body a burning shame,
No lustral water long shall cool its flame.

A moment in the bath you say, "To-day . . .
At night—this day as yesterday the same.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall break
The woman's heart that loves you, it shall take
Away from you your friends—sad, one by one,
And of your own kind heart an agate make.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall steal
Subtly the kind capacity to feel.

As it to brittle stone your arteries,
So sense by sense in turn it shall congeal.

This shall the Vine do for you—this good brain,
By usury of chance favors, it shall drain

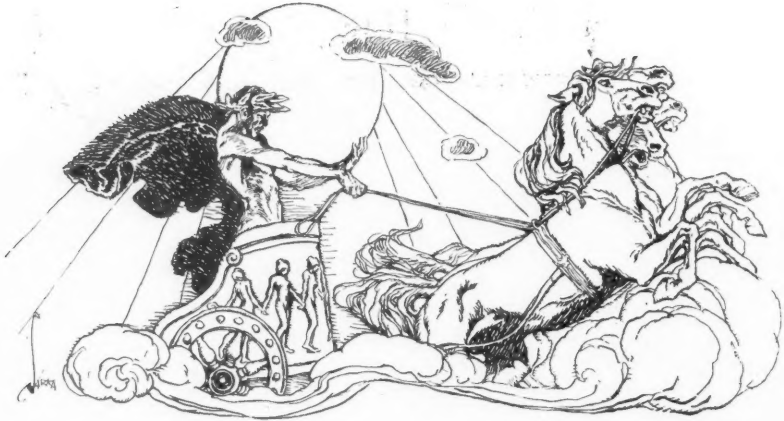
Of all its proper powers to think or dream,
And hold it captive by a vinous chain.

By smaller robberies of power and peace,
The Usurer Vine doth make him much increase
Of mortal souls, ripens and purples him,
And takes on bloom ; such robberies as these :

Straight limbs he makes to falter and fills with aches,
Proud backs he bends, and the strong framework shakes

Even of doughty captains of the wars ;
No strength beneath the moon but what he breaks.

OMAR REPENTANT.



"Night's candles are burnt out"—O cleansing words!
 I quote you here in town instead of birds;
 The soul of Shakespeare lives in yonder dawn
 After a night of pigsties and of sherds.

Night, with her moths and nightmares and the moon,
 Is almost gone—the sun is coming soon;
 Night-watchmen and night-women and the stars
 Are slinking home to sleep till afternoon.

And you and I that talked the short night through,
 What in this coming day are we to do?
 I, being old, shall go on as before,
 But you, dear lad, O tell me, what of you?

You are so young, you know so little yet,
 You are the sunrise, I am the sunset;
 It matters little what my end shall be,
 But you—but you—you can escape it yet!

Listen—and swear by yonder morning star
 To fight, and fight, and fight for what you are,
 Straight, trim and true, and pure as men are pure—
 Swear to me, lad, by yonder morning star!



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.
THE DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XV.

By DULANY HUNTER.



From the painting by Nattier, at Versailles.

MME. LOUISE OF FRANCE, ONE OF THE YOUNGER DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XV. SHE WAS SMALL AND LAME, AND VERY DEVOUT. WHEN MISFORTUNE BEGAN TO OVERWHELM THE ROYAL FAMILY, SHE TOOK REFUGE WITH THE CARMELITE NUNS AT ST. DENIS, AND DIED THERE.



From the painting by Nattier, at Versailles.

MME. ADELAIDE OF FRANCE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV. SHE HAD GREAT INFLUENCE WITH HER FATHER, AND AROUSED THE JEALOUSY OF MME. DE POMPADOUR.



From the painting by Nattier, at Versailles.

MME. SOPHIE OF FRANCE, ONE OF THE YOUNGER DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XV. SHE SPENT MANY YEARS IN A CONVENT, AND COULD NOT BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE POMP OF VERSAILLES.



From the painting by Nattier, at Versailles.

MME. ELIZABETH OF FRANCE, TWIN DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV. SHE MARRIED THE INFANTE PHILIP, SON OF PHILIP V. OF SPAIN, AND BECAME DUCHESS OF PARMA.



From the painting by Nattier, at Versailles.

MME. HENRIETTE OF FRANCE, TWIN DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV. SHE WAS HER FATHER'S FAVORITE, AND IDOLIZED HIM, ALTHOUGH HE PREVENTED HER MARRIAGE.



MME. LOUISE IN THE GARB OF A CARMELITE NUN.

THROUGHOUT the long and brilliant reign of Louis XIV., the splendid palace of Versailles with all its adornments was never graced by the presence of a "daughter of France"—the charming title conferred only upon her own princesses. Then the Sun-King sank to his rest, and his superb pretensions seemed brought to nothingness by a single phrase of Massillon, who, standing by the royal bier, dared commence his memorable discourse on the passing of the "Grand Monarque" by proclaiming the eternal truth which must forever humble royalty, "God alone is great."

But the beautiful boy who had just come into his kingdom was too young then to listen to the solemn warning, and his court remained during the regency of his kinsman as brilliant, as extravagant, as pretentious, while it grew yet more dissolute and reckless than that of his predecessor. At

last, however, the regent died, and Louis XV., fifteen years old, assumed the rule.

His first duty to the state was clearly to provide for the succession. So his little cousin, a Spanish infanta who had been installed at Versailles since her infancy as the future queen, was sent back to her native country and the mature Princess Marie Leczinska of Poland was chosen to replace her. That princess was then in exile with her father, the ex-King Stanislas, and her unexpected elevation from poverty and obscurity to the most brilliant throne in Europe seems to have overpowered her with gratitude to such an extent that she accepted blindly the wishes of the king and his ministers, and, consequently, claimed so slight an influence over the lives of her children that we shall not have occasion to mention her often in this brief sketch of her daughters. Yet she will always be



PORTRAIT, IN THE LOUVRE, OF ONE OF LOUIS XV.'S
DAUGHTERS AS A VESTAL VIRGIN.

remembered in history as the one figure at the court of Louis XV. who preserved the traditions of the reign of Louis XIV. amid the general demoralization at Versailles, and by her dignified patience shielded herself as queen from the indignities which she was forced to endure as a woman.

But though Marie Leczinska was allowed to exert little control over her children, who were removed from the court to Fontevault when almost infants, nature avenged her, and several of them inherited many of their most pronounced moral and physical characteristics from her. It was from her that her only son, the dauphin, derived his leaning to that pure life which was such a reproach to his father, and it was from her also that her daughters received their love of learning, their

elevation of spirit and their piety.

These princesses, like all who ever came in contact with her, revered their mother, but they carried their love for Louis XV. to the point of idolatry, and in order to understand the influence which he exerted over them we must remember that the king at the time they were young and impressionable was by no means the weak voluptuary of later years.

One only of Louis XV.'s daughters grew up at the court. It was Mme. Adelaide, whose love for her father was a ruling passion, a devotion without either reason or measure which was left unrestrained by any effort to check its control. At seven years of age, when ordered to Fontevault, she threw herself at the king's feet and vowed she would never leave him, that the separation would be too cruel to be

endured. He was touched, wept, and, what was more, relented; so she remained at Versailles while her elder sisters and the three younger princesses, Victoire, Sophie and Louise, were obliged to spend many years in the gloomy old convent, where the instruction they received was so meager that Mme. Louise avowed, years

to the days when she was obliged to recite prayers in the cave which contained the sepulchers of members of the order, and Mme. Sophie, who was naturally extremely timid and retiring, was rendered so shy that she could never accustom herself to the glamour of Versailles. Mme. Louise became a dévote. In an age when a woman



From the painting by C. A. Van Loo, at Versailles.

LOUIS XV. AT THE PERIOD WHEN HE GAINED THE
LOVE AND RESPECT OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

afterward, that at the age of twelve she had not quite mastered the alphabet, and it was not until after her return to Versailles that she could read with fluency.

The nuns were alternately indulgent and severe in enforcing penances. Mme. Victoire throughout the rest of her life attributed an unreasonable terror of the darkness

of the court could, in entering a salon, greet a score of people by a single courtesy, giving to each, however different in rank, the proper recognition, it seems inexplicable that these royal princesses were not trained in all the refinements and elegances of the life which was to be their portion. A dancing-master alone was provided for them, and

it was perhaps through the practice of the stately minuet that they developed that grace which Nattier has immortalized in his portraits of them.

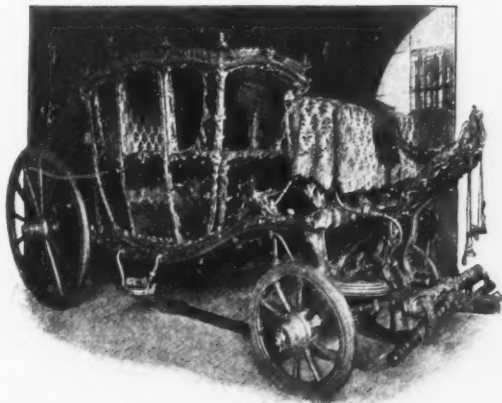
Though Mme. Adelaide was the only one of the king's daughters educated at Versailles, Mme. Elizabeth also escaped a long immurement in the convent, for she was affianced to the Infante Don Philip, one of the sons of Philip V., and sent to Madrid when only twelve years old.

In 1748, the duchy of Parma was conferred upon her husband, and she then came to Versailles to make a visit.

The king was charmed with the infant's grace and beauty. She was tall, and her bearing marked by an elegance and distinction acquired during her residence at court which her convent-bred sisters had not yet had opportunities to develop. She came to spend a fortnight and remained a year.

The affection of Louis XV. for his daughters is one of the few characteristics of that monarch which are agreeable to dwell upon. He was always jealous and suspicious of the dauphin. But he had been too much worshiped by women to suspect that the devotion of his daughters was not the most natural feeling they could have.

Mme. Henriette had been at Versailles since her twelfth year, and for some time before the return of her sister a great sorrow and disappointment had been consuming her tender heart. Always of a delicate constitution and sensitive as a plant that requires the warmth of the sun and is unable to recover from the premature frosts of spring, this gentle girl, who had set her affections upon her young kinsman, the dashing Duke of Chartres, began to fade from the moment the king refused her lover's suit by a warm pressure of the hand which meant that he was dismissed. The Duke of Chartres upon the death of his father would be Duke of Orleans, and for once in his life Louis XV. seems to have had a moment of prescience in which he was warned not to allow that branch of his



GALA COACH OF LOUIS XV., NOW IN THE CLUNY MUSEUM.

family to approach any nearer to the throne, but it was at the cost of the happiness of his favorite child, who kissed the hand that smote her, and thenceforth lived only to do his bidding.

Louis was too much of an egotist, perhaps, to realize that the blow he had dealt was mortal, though it would seem that he had endeavored to make atonement for his severity by overwhelming her with grandeurs. She was given splendid apartments, her household was increased to the greatest number of attendants, and, incredible as it may seem, a yearly sum was set apart for her expenses which was four times as large as that allowed the king's powerful and triumphant mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour.

Meanwhile, Mme. Infanta, the only one of Louis XV.'s daughters who was personally ambitious, was making every effort to have an arrangement arrived at by which the duchy of Parma could be exchanged for other possessions, and her sisters advanced her interests at the French court with great devotion. The protectors of religion, too, realizing the piety of the young princess, secured her influence in many important measures, and the fulfilment of these duties appears to have been her greatest solace in the last languishing years of her existence. Then came the end, when the scepter fell from her gentle hand to Mme. Adelaide, who swayed it with characteristic energy and fervor.

Of the six daughters of Louis XV.,

Mme. Adelaide was, perhaps, the most interesting, though certainly not the most lovable. Yet without the charm and subtlety of Mme. Infanta, without the gentleness of Mme. Henriette, without the harmonious blending of mental and physical attractions which distinguished Mme. Victoire, she appeals to the imagination more strongly than those princesses, and quite overwhelms the reserved Mme. Sophie and the devout Mme. Louise. She was brilliant, impetuous and ambitious, but ambitious only for the glory of the king. In her horizon there was but one hero in the world. It was her father. And she would have led that weak prince to victory if he could have been led. When France declared war against England she was only eleven, but conceived the extraordinary idea of playing the rôle of a Judith and was indignant when overtaken and brought back to the palace. During the king's illness at Metz, she went into convulsions when the royal family received orders to tarry at Verdun, and secured permission to rush to him even before the queen was allowed to advance. Fontenoy was the proudest day of her life. And she never forgave the people of Paris the insults they afterward heaped upon him whom on that day of victory they frantically called "Louis the Well-Beloved." Even after the king had grown old and hideous, courtiers flattered her by praising his beauty; and when, at last, he was stricken with the loathsome disease which proved fatal, she shut herself up within the pestilence-reeking curtains of his bed and would have died with him if she could. Though always actuated by the loftiest sentiments, her ambition, impetuosity and impatience of contradiction made her hardly a safe counselor during the evil days which were already gathering over France, and her critics attribute to her influence many of the most deplorable acts of the reign. No one, however, could associate her with the fatal alliance with Austria, for that was brought about, beyond question, by Mme. de Pompadour, and the princess hated the mistress of her father with a vehemence which would have made it impossible for the two women to act in concert at any time. For almost twenty years there were two opposing factions at

court, known as the parties of Mesdames and of La Pompadour.

In appearance, Mme. Adelaide was at one time charming, though her coloring was ruddy rather than rosy with the freshness of youth, and her beauty faded as quickly as some splendid flower of the south which is gorgeous for a short season only. As a girl she had the daring of a page, and never overcame a brusqueness of gesture and curtness of speech, though she had a most exalted idea of her rank and exacted the greatest deference to her position. Mme. Victoire, on the other hand, had more natural charm than any of the princesses, and her attraction lay in the harmony displayed by a beautiful body possessed of a gentle spirit.

When the influence of Mme. Henriette was at its height, Mme. de Pompadour conceived the idea of bringing Mme. Victoire to Versailles, in the hope that she might supplant her elder sister in the king's affections, and there was a moment when the plan seemed to have been successful, for the princess, who was then only fourteen, was both beautiful and charming, and her devotion to her father was really touching. She clung to him, followed him everywhere, would have become his shadow if the etiquette of the court had permitted it. Even as it was, magnificent apartments near his own were prepared for her, and the most unusual honors for a child of her age were accorded to the little princess. But Mme. de Pompadour had not taken Mme. Adelaide into account in her reckoning. That violent young woman rose up in a fury of indignation, and was not pacified until her two youngest sisters were brought from their convent and Mme. Victoire was relegated to a distant part of the palace to be their companion.

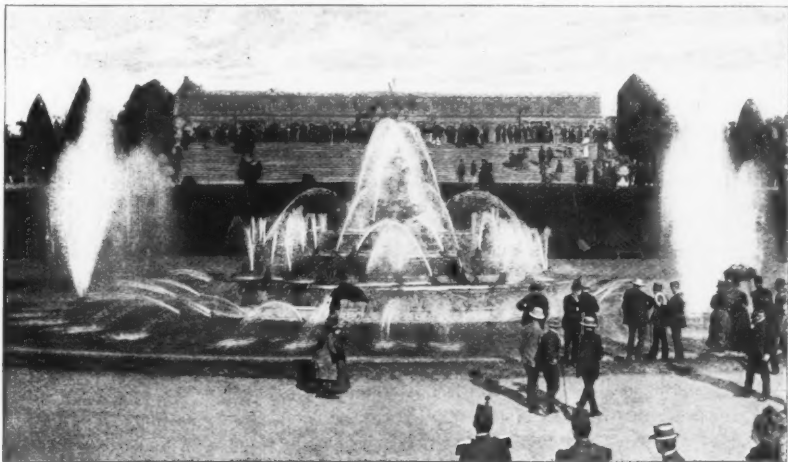
The education of the younger princesses had been greatly neglected, but upon their arrival at Versailles, acting upon the counsels of their brother, the dauphin, they commenced immediately to improve the high mental qualities with which nature had endowed them, and their zeal to repair the defects of their education was surpassed only by the intensity with which Mme. Adelaide endeavored to acquire instruction. History, literature, the languages, science and art were all embraced

in her studies; but for music she had a passion. Every instrument then known in France was understood by her, but, violent in this as in all things, she played upon each with a fury that made it lose its charm in her hands.

In study the princesses seemed to have found their only resource, for they appear to have taken little pleasure in court functions, and Louis XV. in his overweening selfishness took no thought of providing them with the natural diversions of youth. Though loving an out-of-door life, they had only the public gardens for their promenades; devoted to horticulture, they could indulge the taste only by caring for a few

Denis. And last, but perhaps not the least, of the changes at court, came the recognized empire of Mme. du Barry over the enervated mind of the king.

After the queen's death, Versailles became a hotbed of demoralization. The daughters of the king had been brought up to be too submissive to endeavor to check any of his immoralities, and contented themselves with retiring, whenever possible, to their own apartments, where each drew around her a small circle of friends in whose congenial society she spent almost every evening. The days were, for the most part, devoted to reading, and Mme. Campan, who about this



THE LATONE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES, WITH VIEW OF THE PALACE.

flowers and shrubs in their rooms; and, incredible as it may seem, while Versailles is only eight miles from Paris, Mme. Sophie was twenty-seven and Mme. Louise twenty-four before they were taken there.

Mme. Infanta made several visits to the court of her father, and died there of smallpox while still in the freshness of her youth, beauty and charm, far from her husband and children, with her political ambitions all unfulfilled. Then catastrophe after catastrophe followed quickly in the family of the king—the death of the dauphin, of the dauphine and of the queen. Mme. Louise fled from the granddeurs and misfortunes of the palace to take refuge with the Carmelite nuns at St.

time was appointed their reader, has left us an interesting account of their intérieurs. Every morning Louis XV. would visit his daughters, descending by a private stair to the salon of Mme. Adelaide, who would immediately notify her sisters of his arrival, but so short were these visits and so vast the apartments that the Princess Louise, who was very small and rather lame, often arrived breathless in the royal presence only in time to receive a kiss from the king as he was on the point of leaving. Upon his return from the chase in the afternoon, the princesses were conducted to him in state by officers of the court and the ladies of their households, to be present at "the unbooting," but this visit of ceremony

was also very short, and it often happened that their reading was interrupted by it only for fifteen minutes. Upon these occasions they would slip on over the gowns they were wearing an enormous hoop-skirt, richly embroidered, attach a long train to it, throw around their shoulders a silk shawl which covered them to the chin, and start off without making other preparation for the function.

Mme. Sophie read alone always, but Mme. Campan read aloud to the other princesses. She tells us that one afternoon when alone with Mme. Louise, they were interrupted by an officer of the court who brought a message from the king, and the next morning when she went to the apartment of the princess at the usual hour, she was astonished to hear that her royal mistress had exchanged the splendors of the palace for a cell in the convent of St. Denis.

The daughters of Louis XV. were bitterly opposed to the alliance with Austria, but from the time Marie Antoinette arrived at Versailles they paid her every mark of esteem, and the generous-hearted daughter of Maria Theresa responded to their attentions by showing them upon all occasions the greatest consideration. The new dauphin was sincerely devoted to his aunts, and they exercised a strong influence over him both when he was heir-apparent and when he was king. He not only respected their virtues and admired their qualities of mind, but was deeply grateful to them, who had encompassed him when a boy with every evidence of their love.

Thus united was the royal family of France during the last years of the reign of Louis XV.—years during which the old king sank into the lowest depths of depravity, while the devotion of his daughters remained unchanged, and even when the courtiers fled from the death-chamber where he lay stricken with smallpox, they left him only when his bleared eyes had closed forever. Then Louis XVI., at the instance of Marie Antoinette, gave them the beautiful property of Bellevue for a residence, increased their households, added to their revenues, and enabled them, for the first time in their lives, though they were all upward of forty, to gratify

their tastes for the pleasures of the country. Mme. Adelaide and Mme. Victoire lived there until overtaken by the awful storm of the Revolution, when they were persuaded that it would be in the interest of the royal cause to emigrate. Mme. Sophie had died years earlier, quietly as she had lived, and Mme. Louise had also ended her pious existence before this wretched period. Louis XVI., in announcing her death to a former member of her household, said that she seemed to remember that she was a princess even in her delirium, and her last words were as an order to an equerry: "To paradise! To paradise! at full gallop!"

We would not dwell upon the vicissitudes of the two surviving princesses, nor give more than passing mention to the indignities to which they were subjected before being enabled to cross the frontier. Though Pius VII. showed them every consideration at Rome, it must have required all the spiritual powers even of the supreme pontiff to console them for the disastrous tidings which every courier brought from France—the executions of Louis XVI., of the heroic Marie Antoinette, of their saintly niece, Mme. Elizabeth, and the cruel torture and death of the young prince, Louis XVII., in whom all their hopes were centered. Fleeing from Rome before the armies of Napoleon, all the attentions which they received from the royal family of Sardinia could hardly mitigate their anguish, and when, finally, the revolution broke out at Naples, the hardships of the journey to Trieste vanquished them. Mme. Victoire succumbed to the fatigues of the voyage a few days after her arrival, while her sister lived for but a few months longer, deprived even of the hope of the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, and little dreaming that a few years later her nephew, Louis XVIII., would have her body and her sister's brought back to their beloved country to be buried at St. Denis with their kindred, whose tombs are so numerous that in passing through the long aisles and dark vaults of the venerable sanctuary we can scarcely count them. But in the silent host of royalty assembled there, none were more worthy of the lilies of France than the daughters of Louis XV.

A MODERN "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON."
THE STORY OF THE SHIPWRECK OF A GREAT PACIFIC STEAMER
WITH ITS DISTINGUISHED COMPANY OF PASSENGERS—
HOW THEY LIVED FOR THREE YEARS ON AN
ISLAND, AND THEIR FINAL RESCUE.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

"Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson" have continued to hold the interest of men and women, of youth and old age. What would happen if one of the great steamers of twenty-four thousand tons, which now plow the Pacific, go laden to the East with all classes of goods, and have as passengers distinguished men and women from all parts of the world, should by storm be driven out of her course and beached on a Pacific island? Around this hinges the plot of this story. The characters are composite studies of men and women in the world of affairs to-day. Problems which the stranded company will have to contend with will be drawn from the world of reality.

II.

IF the entire shipload had embarked with an island of the Pacific as their intended destination, the tone of the passengers on the morning after the wreck could scarcely have been more hopeful. There was in the air an anticipation of interesting events to come. This was due in part to the reaction naturally following the intense strain of the past four days. Anxiety, in the near presence of death, had been carried off jauntily enough; but it had been present in the hearts of all, just the same. They were about to take possession of an island of which the geographies said nothing. How delightful the anticipations now that the danger seemed past.

The fresh morning air; the bright skies, in such contrast with the lowering blackness of the preceding days; the green growth which formed a fringe above the towering cliffs which almost surrounded the little harbor; the sense of security after so many hours of uncertainty—the ship safe upon the sands beyond the possibility of sinking, with provisions on board for many weeks, if not months, with careful boarding—all this contributed to high spirits.

Everywhere on deck were seen bright faces. On no day of the entire trip had light-hearted people swarmed along the railings as those now on this great iron hull lying useless in the narrow little bay, and almost overhung by perpendicular crags. The forward deck was crowded

with those who were watching the hoisting of the Committees on Safety and Defense, on Site for Encampment, and on Buildings and Improvements, who were to make the preliminary examination of the island. Chairmen of other committees were hunting up their members and getting them together in out-of-the-way nooks for preliminary consultation regarding the work which they would have to do without delay. Little groups of women who had been socially intimate on the voyage, were gathered on the upper deck discussing the extraordinary situation in which they found themselves. Here and there a more thoughtful one did not share the general light-heartedness, but stood gazing out to sea, reflecting upon the anxiety of the dear ones at home when the "Manchu" should fail to arrive at her destination. One little knot was discussing the sensation in New York, in view of the distinguished position occupied by so many of the names upon the long list of passengers, the imaginative descriptions by pen and brush which for months would continue to appear in metropolitan dailies describing the sinking in mid-ocean; the equally imaginative sketches of personal character made up out of pigeonholed misinformation, accumulated through years at the expense of the victims. How many stories it would make, this most important and real of "disappearing syndicates"!

Meanwhile those who had responsibilities were busy. From the hold of the ship the

purser had brought up a number of cases of repeating-arms and ammunition, which happened to be on board, billed for Shanghai. The members of the committees, before being hoisted to the cliffs, were provided with rifles, revolvers and well-filled ammunition-belts. The island seemed uninhabited, but no chances were to be taken. Fifteen well-armed men would do for a reconnaissance. Others could rapidly follow them up the hoist. No one felt any doubt that so numerous a company, equipped with the best arms, could hold their own against any number of savages. Nevertheless, Captain Prescott, who had seen much active service, and to whom had been assigned the military precautions, wished that no unnecessary risks should be incurred.

There was a thick growth of vegetation along the cliff, and the three committees, joined by Ralston, sixteen rifles in all, found it slow work to push through the underbrush. The day, too, was hot when the breeze was cut off by the tropical tangle.

After a quarter of an hour's slow progress, the line came suddenly out upon an open space. Yes, undoubtedly a "clearing"; there were signs of cultivation, and off in the farthest corner was a hut. Around this, however, were no evidences of present occupancy. After a minute's consultation the party started toward the apparently deserted cabin.

When within two hundred yards, dark figures suddenly crowded into the openings of the hut. The party from the ship halted.

Before they had time to determine upon action, half a dozen arrows whizzed through the air and a single rifle-shot rang out—Ralston, who was in the advance, felt a sharp sensation in his left shoulder, and knew that his undershirt was being wet by a generous flow of blood; Captain Prescott had his cap carried away by an arrow. At the same moment, Richardson, a young Englishman, who had been one of the most popular men on board ship, stumbled forward and fell to the ground with an arrow straight in his heart.

With the enemy protected by cover and themselves in the open, there was no time to stop or raise their rifles. A quick rush was

made for the hut, but before it could be reached, their assailants had retreated through the brush by paths well known to themselves, and there was nothing to do but to fire at random through the undergrowth.

Captain Prescott detailed half a dozen of the party to penetrate the forest carefully, in the hope that they might discover some signs of the enemy. Lieutenant Rogers, who was an expert in this work, took charge of the little party of scouts, and Lieutenant Houton accompanied him.

Meantime the report of firing had been heard on shipboard, and there was much excitement. Volunteers were called for, and the work of sending them up in the hoist went forward with an increased impetus.

Later, when the account of the unexpected attack reached the ship, it was decided that only the guard should occupy the cliff until every preparation had been completed for encampment.

The death of poor Richardson brought every one to a realization of the uncertainty of the situation. Ralston, who had been slow to tell of his wound until faint from loss of blood, had been sent back and lowered to the ship's deck. He was pale and weak when he once more greeted his friends. He made light of his injury, while the ship's surgeon carefully dressed the deep cut, through which a heavy bullet had plowed its way, fortunately without the promise of any serious results in these days of antiseptic treatment.

The scouts thrown out penetrated more than a mile into the forest without catching sight of any living thing.

Meanwhile, Captain Prescott and his party had remained at the hut. Lack of knowledge regarding the size of the island, the number of its people, their characteristics, made it difficult to determine upon a policy.

In the little party was Benjamin Merryweather, now connected with a large smelting enterprise in Colorado. He had begun life in the Rocky Mountains when newly graduated from Freiburg, as an assayer. Having had experiences with the Indians, and knowing not a little of woodcraft, he proposed to Captain Prescott that he should take him, with two other Coloradoans who

happened to be his fellow passengers, and two volunteers—a party of five in all—and explore the island, carrying along provisions for a three days' absence if such should prove necessary.

This plan was so entirely wise, that Merryweather was urged to return at once to the ship, select his own two additional volunteers, obtain a few hours' rest, and make his preparations for departure as soon as nightfall would conceal his setting out from any unfriendly observers who might be in the neighborhood.

At noon, the ship's officers made their observations. When the latitude and longitude had been determined, the ship's charts were eagerly consulted. These showed nothing but ocean; not even a pin-head dot marked the blue waters. What did this mean? Was it possible that with all the sailing of the Pacific there could be an island which mariners had not sighted? Yet here they were on terra firma, and nothing on the charts to guide a rescuing vessel to the neighborhood. It seemed to be beyond possibility.

Among those who had stood with the ship's officers, discussing the ship's charts, was Frank Marsden, the Wall Street figure so well known to the pages of the daily journals. He made several inquiries, each as if founded on some previous information regarding this island.

"Could there be any error in the observations?" he asked.

"None whatever," Captain Robinson asserted, positively.

He made several further inquiries; then went down to his cabin, unstrapped his trunk and began to search among his papers.

When the Committee on Location of Camp began its work, it naturally gravitated toward the "clearing." Examination showed that it was admirably adapted for the purposes of the ship's company. Not only was a large space of ground free and ready for cultivation, but on one side was a sort of promontory which ran out nearly five hundred feet. The surface of this was largely of rock, and vegetation was sparse. A few splendid trees, however, were scattered near the edges. From three sides of this promontory the rocks dropped down almost per-

pendicularly to the waves lapping their base. The view out over the ocean itself was incomparable, and while in the forest the heat was intense, here a gentle breeze made it cool and altogether delightful. It was one of those beautiful spots which one encounters twice or thrice in a lifetime.

Across the fourth side a breastwork of logs and earth could be thrown up, with little expense of labor, in such a way as to render the position a thoroughly defensible one, should the island be found to contain natives in sufficient numbers to give trouble. Undoubtedly this was the place for the camp, and the selection was confirmed by the discovery that on the outer end of the promontory the rocks dropped down some thirty feet to a little garden, where a spring of crystal water bubbled out from a crevice.

The committee's choice was soon made, and it was resolved to get to work without delay. Pickets were carefully placed by Captain Prescott, a guard was detailed for duty at the cabin, and everybody else was put to work clearing a road from the cliffs above the ship to the ground selected for encampment.

One would not expect to find in such a body of passengers many who knew how to wield an ax; but the number of embryo Gladstones and Roosevelts was surprising. Under deft manipulation trees began to come down and vegetation disappear until before four o'clock in the afternoon a road ten feet in width was opened from the ship to the "clearing."

Two hundred large wall-tents had early in the day been discovered among the ship's freight, and there had also been found enough ship's sails stored away to make mess- and assembly-tents for the entire ship's company. While the road was yet only partially cleared, tents slung beneath poles were being carried by some of the most active passengers to the campground.

The workers were a motley crew. Business and professional men, with vests and coats thrown aside, and shirts wet with perspiration, were toiling alongside of sailors accustomed to exercising their muscles, and now working without seeming exertion. Half a dozen young college men in sweaters and knickerbockers were holding their own with the sailors. Already

men were taking their places by virtue of ability to command. In but three-quarters of a day demanding action, the lines had been drawn and the differentiation of character had begun. The ready-witted, the pleasant-mannered, the shirkers, the grumblers, the natural leaders, were making themselves known under surroundings which stripped men of all adventitious aids and put them under a new kind of equality.

New ambitions were rising in men's breasts, while engaged in this unaccustomed toil. Not a few could turn their thoughts back to great mansions, yachts, horses, servants in profusion. Somehow, these things were already gone far into the past. A haze seemed to surround them. Were these truly the realities of the past?

And while they worked, envy came to them of the prowess of their neighbors' strong arms and skill with axes; and of reputations as financiers and men of affairs in those far-away worlds of Chicago and New York and London they took no thought.

Imagine one going into Broadway as a street-cleaner—turning out in the early morning as a primitive citizen doing manual labor. Yet here were not only noted financiers, but no less a person than Archbishop Renwick, working away as cheerily as if he had never trailed sacred vestments across a sanctuary—and not merely cheerfully but efficiently.

The Archbishop as he worked was a notable figure, and at his side was another whom his companions observed with respect. He wore the uniform of one of the ship's sailors. He labored deftly and with despatch, all the while giving pleasure to those around him by his good-humor.

It had fallen to the lot of Pierceford Moulton to work just in the rear of this man. Moulton, whose income was reputed to be three millions a year, with laborious effort was attempting a share of the general work. There was an irritation in his mind, reflected in his movements, as he watched the athletic sailor swing his ax.

Accustomed to the utmost deference from all who came into contact with him, Pierceford Moulton was not taking easily the position in which he found himself. Those about him were still deferential, but it was a

something drawn from the past rather than from the present. From time to time he glanced at his neighbor in sailor costume, and tried to guess what deficiencies of mind gave this sailor an income of three hundred dollars a year while he had as the result of his accumulations three millions. The quiet manner of the man, his quickness of perception as to the work to be done, the few words, pleasantly but firmly uttered, in which he replied to the sentences addressed to him, gave no indication of weakness. But Moulton believed that there was always a cause for an effect, and humble position must have its cause.

Meanwhile, at the campground, Colonel Stetson, of the United States Engineer Corps, who was on board the "Manchu" en route for Japan and then Manila, and who had been made chairman of the Committee on Location of Camp, was busily engaged in marking out his plans. On the back of a letter he had laid off, in pencil, lines intended to indicate the camp streets. Three avenues were laid down the little peninsula from the breastwork. At their terminals would be the tents of the committees, and at the end toward the ocean there was a large open space in which would be the dining- and general meeting-halls. The plans had been quickly devised, but much experience enabled him to see in his mind's eye exactly what would be the requirements of the camp, and to provide for almost every contingency.

As the afternoon wore away, a few tents began to rise under Colonel Stetson's direction, with well-driven stakes and properly taut cords.

Then the first party of ladies made their appearance. They were the younger members of several committees which would have to concern themselves with the house-keeping arrangements of the camp. Some hours' familiarity with the hoisting apparatus had dissipated first fears. They knew that the arrangements for the camp were being perfected, and the desire to take part, and perhaps something of curiosity with a little leaven of adventure, finally induced them to request Captain Robinson to send them up. Before ascending, however, they had gone below and dressed for the part, and when they appeared on the cliff they were received with the heartiest

congratulations on their nerve. Colonel Stetson gladly submitted his plans for the encampment and had the satisfaction of having them heartily approved.

Two men had strayed away from the work on the roadway and now sat on the edge of the cliff watching the hoisting of their fellow passengers from the decks of the "Manchu," nearly two hundred feet below. They were products of the central West of the United States. Quite dissimilar in character, and strangers before meeting on the "Manchu," they had been attracted to each other, and had spent many hours together since leaving San Francisco. Perhaps it was that both had started their careers as boys on Western farms.

Marsden, the larger of the two men, weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds—fully forty above the figures given on the penny-in-the-slot scales for the normal man of his height—was dressed in the extremest styles of his Fifth Avenue tailor. John Lodge, on the contrary, had been fitted out from the ready-made store of his Ohio town. His figure did not show that excess of good living noticeable in Marsden's. Both were strong-bodied and strong-featured. To each Nature had given a tremendous store of vitality, and with each the progress from the very lowest round of the ladder of success had been uniform throughout the years. They were interesting men, and were distinct types of the Americans who "arrive."

"But what do you propose to do for excitement?" The speaker was Lodge. "You will find this pretty tame after Wall Street, and night sessions at the Waldorf."

"I have already thought of that: I shall organize a 'machine,' and get control of the colony."

Lodge laughed. His shrewd eyes turned from the great cleft in which the "Manchu" was stranded, and took his companion in from head to foot, as if measuring him.

"That is not so easy," he said, meditatively. "That fellow Ralston has force and a lot of views; he is opposed to your ideas, and he seems to be popular."

"No matter," replied Marsden, looking meditatively out over the Pacific. "I am accustomed to dealing with that sort of thing; disinterested opinion has no hold

when it comes into contact with personal purpose, deliberately and perhaps not too scrupulously worked out."

There was silence for a minute. No one knew the truth of this aphorism better than Lodge. He was in control at that minute of every important interest in his native county in Ohio. Then he said, slowly:

"Don't be too sure this time. The surroundings are not quite the same as back there in the Waldorf atmosphere. These are not an average lot of people."

"True," Marsden replied, "but I have a nucleus ready at hand: For instance, I am chairman of the board of directors in the company that owns the 'Manchu.' Captain Robinson understands this; he will follow my lead. Then, there is Bishop Knott: through him I distribute twenty-five thousand dollars a year in charities. You noticed Doctor Featherstone on board. He is the family physician of my intimate friend, Derack. President Winston of the Chicago International Bank is on board. I have had close relations with him for ten years. Finally, there are at least twenty men in the party who are connected with great industries, with railways and banks, in which Pierceford Moulton has a large interest. Back in Wall Street, Moulton is not my friend. But here, he will side with me. He will recognize on which side to range himself."

"But Ralston," interrupted Lodge, "is already Chairman of the Executive Committee."

"No matter; by the time we are ready for a permanent organization I shall be able to displace him."

Marsden was smilingly confident. He was not speaking without a very thorough experience of men, which ranged over all sorts and conditions of life.

His life was typical of many in Wall Street. Aspiring even at the time he was doing chores on the farm, he had presently found advancement to a position in a neighboring saw-mill. There, standing at the end of the log float, he had surveyed that little empire with high ambition. In eighteen months he had been taken from the float into the mill itself, and had become a skillful mechanic. In two years he had risen to the place of foreman. In another year he had become half owner. Six

months later he had bought out his partner. In half a dozen years from the time he first stood on the end of the log float, he was directing three saw-mills.

The town near where these were situated had a small iron-mill. The management had been in poor hands, and the local banks had in one way or another become the possessors of much paper that bid fair to become worthless. The president of the local First National Bank was a shrewd man, who judged rightly the personal factor in business operations.

One day Marsden happening into the bank, the president said to him:

"I wish you would look into the affairs of the Munstown rolling-mill; I can get you a controlling interest in the stock at a nominal price, if you care to take it in hand."

Marsden did care, and another five years saw the Munstown mills trebled in size, and Marsden reaching out for control of rolling-mills in other cities. To these were added blast-furnaces, and in course of time other industries intimately connected with the iron business. There were many stories afloat in the business world as to Marsden's shrewdness and his readiness to take advantage. Competitors had been trampled underfoot, and he was said to have been as ruthless in his business necessities as a general in time of war.

As Marsden grew in power, his manners did not become more amiable, and his regard for others changed to a feeling of contempt. "The world was so mean and vicious. Men were about as happy in one condition as another. The people of Wall Street were a set of cutthroats. Every sort of game was justifiable in protecting oneself from such men." This was the substance of his philosophy. At first he had been flattered by the press, and he had gone a little way toward making himself popular. Then came abuse. It so happened that this particular abuse was almost as unjust as the praise which he had received. It seemed to him that neither mattered very much, and from that hour he regarded the men about him as puppets to be used, and events as something to be drawn in obedience to his will by whatever means within his power.

Lodge, whose early life was so similar to

that of Marsden, had turned in quite a different direction at that certain period of his life when success first came in such quantity as to make him a man of mark. His first factory experience had shown him that he possessed the ability to handle men—to combine economies. When presently an opportunity came for him to take part in an enterprise that several energetic spirits of the town had projected, he invested a small amount with them and went on the board of directors. Here in a little while his judgment and acumen, his quiet manners and insistence when he thought himself in the right, made themselves felt. In a little while he was looked up to as the guiding mind of the work, and after a year or two the enterprise achieved marked success.

He was now invited to become a director in the leading bank, and here, too, his qualities made themselves felt. Instead of making the bank a convenience for his personal friends, he held that it should be the chief factor in the development of the town, that men of right character should be encouraged, that enterprises beneficial to the rapidly growing little city should be liberally aided—all within the limits, however, of conservative banking.

Then there was a public movement toward the erection of an opera-house. The town badly needed some place of amusement, and his assistance was again invoked. A tile-factory was projected a little later on, and without any special volition upon his part he found himself elected president of the company. Another of the town's banks, which found itself in some difficulties, invited him to become a director, and the management of this was also placed under his control.

It was a remarkable fact in connection with this man that there was never any greediness for either money or place. He continued to live in a simple way, in a small house. He was ever the most approachable man in the town, and many times each day he was called upon for advice by men to whom he was under no obligation but that of neighborliness.

Far-seeing in his views of the future, almost bold in the investment of money where the enterprise seemed certain of success, the town became wonderfully prosperous

under his influence. In the course of time he became a controlling stockholder in both of the newspapers, and saw to it that the interests of the city were properly looked after. Corrupt politicians were relegated to obscurity. His was a quiet influence, always counting for what was best in the evolution of the community.

Probably no two lives ever diverged more sharply, starting from a given point, than those of Lodge and Marsden. Lodge had read much of Marsden's doings in Wall Street, and as a man from a comparatively small town, he felt the insidious flattery which Marsden's choice of him as a companion on board ship had involved.

The incidents of this first day after the shipwreck would not be told unless some mention were made of a conference which took place between Captain Robinson and Ralston after the latter's wound had been dressed by the ship's surgeon. Ralston had been placed in a comfortable chair on the upper deck and was enjoying that serenity of mind which a man feels who has faced an imminent danger without

serious consequences—a mixture of satisfaction with duty performed, of thankfulness for escape, and that portion of vanity which comes of feeling that others recognize services rendered.

Ralston was watching the waves break on the rocks near the stern of the vessel.

"By to-morrow you will be able to put your gas-engine launch into the water."

Robinson measured the waters.

"Yes, that will be entirely feasible, if the wind does not come up to-night."

"How many horse-power is she?"

"Twenty."

"Have you plenty of oil on board?"

"Abundance."

"Plowing the water with a launch is a good way to recover from a wound."

"Yes."

"May I have three men and a stock of provisions?"

"Certainly."

"Very well, if fever does not set in by to-morrow night, and the water grows calm, I shall make a tour of the island and see what I can discover."

(To be continued.)

TWO LOVES.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

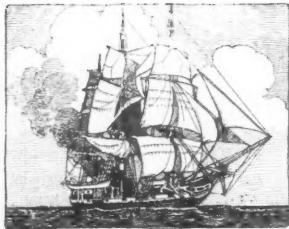
THERE was a woman, the mother of two sons whom she loved with separate loves; for the father of one was not the father of the other, and two had called her wife in the days that were past.

And the love of the sons toward her was very strong and beautiful, and each looked on the other with jealous eyes, though neither uttered the thought that was in his heart.

But one eve, in the purple twilight, the elder of the sons crept close to her and questioned her yearningly concerning the love she bore him. And divining all that was in his heart, love and great pity filled her own. She gathered him to her breast, and said: "Bone of my bone! Flesh of my flesh! Life of my life! As a woman loves her own body and cherishes it, so love I thee, thou dearer portion of my very self!" So the soul of the youth was satisfied, and he looked on his brother with the eyes of one who triumphs and is glad.

Then questioning and doubt awoke in the mind of the younger, and he, too, sought the mother in that time between day and night when the tongue finds utterance for words that else would remain unspoken always.

And he likewise was taken to her heart and she said: "Bone of *his* bone! Flesh of *his* flesh! Life of *his* life! Not as I loved myself, but as I loved another, love I thee, thou part of him that begat thee!" And he also was satisfied. But only the mother knew which love was the better.



The Yarn of the "ESSEX," Whaler

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

AMONG marine disasters there is none more extraordinary in cause or more appalling in consequence than the loss of the whale ship "Essex."

The "Essex" was a well-found whaler of two hundred and thirty-eight tons. James Pollard was her captain, with Owen Chase and Matthew Joy as mates. Six of her complement of twenty were negroes. Thoroughly overhauled and provisioned for two and a half years, on the 17th of August, 1819, she took her departure from Nantucket. On the 17th of January, 1820, she reached St. Mary's Island off the coast of Chili, near Concepcion, a noted whaling-ground.

They cruised off these coasts for some time, being lucky enough to take several large whales, and finally, the season there being over, having about one thousand barrels of oil in the hold, they struck boldly westward. On the 16th of November, being a few minutes south of the line in long. 118° W., a school of sperm-whales was sighted, and three boats were lowered in chase.

Chase, the mate—the first mate is always the mate par excellence—soon got fast to a huge bull-whale, who, when he felt the deadly harpoon in his vitals, swiftly turned and struck the whale-boat a terrific blow with his tail, smashing it into kindling-wood and hurling the men in every direction. After that splendid exhibition of power, he got away scot-free save for the rankling iron and the dangling line which he took with him. The boat's crew were picked up, no one being much the worse for the encounter, strange to say, and were brought back to the ship by the other boats.

On the 20th of November, being then just about $40'$ south of the equator, and in long. 119° W., at eight o'clock in the

morning the lookout at the masthead shouted the welcome signal, "There she blows!"

It was evident that they were in the presence of a large school. The ship was headed toward them, and when within half a mile the mainyard was backed, and three boats, under the charge of the captain and the first and second mates respectively, were lowered. Their only other boat was a spare one lashed amidships on chocks.

Arriving at the spot where they had been sighted from the ship, the men discovered that the whales had sounded and vanished. The boats thereupon separated widely and the men lay on their oars and waited. Presently a great bull rose lazily, spouted just in front of the mate's boat, and lay idly wallowing in the tumbling sea. Approaching cautiously, the mate drove in the harpoon.

In his agony, the great cetacean, instead of sounding, threw himself blindly toward the boat. So close were they, and so unexpected was the whale's movement, in spite of his vast bulk, that, although the order "Stern all!" had been promptly given, they were unable to win clear of him. The tip of his massive tail, as he thrashed about in his rage, struck the side of the light, clinker-built boat and smashed a hole in it. Then the whale started to run, towing the boat, which immediately began to fill under the terrific drag to which it was subjected. There was nothing to do but cut the line. Two or three jackets were stuffed into the aperture, and while some bailed others rowed back to the ship. The captain's and second mate's boats meanwhile were seeking the school, which had risen and was swimming away from the ship.

As soon as the wrecked boat was run up to the davits, the mate swung the mainyard

and got under way, following the other boats. He first determined to break out the spare boat, but after investigating the damaged boat he concluded that he could save time by nailing a patch of canvas over the broken place which would serve temporarily to keep out the water, while they went in search of another whale. While he was about this, an immense sperm-whale about eighty-five feet long "breached"—that is, coming from a great depth, he shot out of the water his full length and then fell back with a tremendous splash—about fifty fathoms from the ship. After he fell back, he spouted three or four times, sounded, and once more appeared, this time about a ship's length off the weather bow of the "Essex." Evidently it was the whale they had just struck. He was angry and he meant business, for so soon as he came to the surface he started for the ship.

Under the light air the vessel was making about three knots. The whale was going at the same speed. The mate saw at once that if he did not change his course, the whale would strike the ship. Dropping the hammer, he shouted to the boy at the helm to put it hard up, and himself sprang across the deck to reenforce his order. The unwieldy ship paid off slowly, and before her head had been fairly turned to leeward the whale deliberately rammed her right under the forechains.

The concussion was terrific. The ship came to a dead stop, as if she had run upon a rock, while the whale bumped along under the keel. Some of those aboard were thrown to the deck. The masts quivered and buckled under the shock, but fortunately nothing carried away. The onset was so unexpected that the men were dazed for the moment. When the mate recovered his wits, he immediately sounded the well, and found the ship was leaking badly. He then ordered the men to the pumps, and set signals for the recall of the boats, each of which had got fast to a whale.

In spite of all they could do, the ship began settling rapidly by the head. She was badly stove in and making water fast. While some of the men toiled at the pumps, others cleared away the extra boat. There was no longer time to repair the other. At

this juncture, one of the men discovered the same whale about two hundred and fifty fathoms to leeward. He was in a fit of convulsive rage terrible to look upon; leaping, turning, writhing, thrashing about in the water, beating it with his mighty tail and great flukes, thundering upon it with all his force, and all the while opening and shutting his enormous jaws, "smiting them together," in the words of the mate, as if distracted with wrath and fury.

There was no time to watch the whale in the exigency of their peril, and observing him start out with great velocity to cross the bows of the ship to leeward, the men turned their attention to the more serious duty at the pumps and the boat. But a few moments had elapsed, when another man forward observed the whale again.

"Here he is!" he shouted. "He's making for us again."

The great cachalot was now directly ahead, about two hundred fathoms away, and coming down upon them with twice his ordinary speed. The surf flew in all directions about him. "His course was marked by a white foam a rod in width which he made with the continual thrashing of his tail." His huge head, boneless but almost as solid and as hard as the inside of a horse's hoof, most admirably designed for a battering-ram, was about half out of the water. The mate made one desperate attempt to get out of his way. Again the helm was put up and the men ran to the braces, but the water-laden ship, already well down by the head and more sluggish than ever, had fallen off only one point when the whale leaped upon her with demoniac energy, and—so it appeared to the seamen—rammed her with malefic passion.

This time he struck the ship just under the weather cathead. He was going not less than six knots an hour to the ship's three, and the force of the blow completely stove in the bows of the "Essex." Those on board could feel the huge bulk scraping along beneath the keel a second time, and then, having done all the damage he could, he went hurtling off to windward. He had exacted a complete revenge for their attack upon him.

Working with the energy of despair, for the ship seemed literally sinking beneath their feet, the men succeeded in clearing away the spare boat and launching it. The steward saved two quadrants, two Bowditch's "Practical Navigators," the captain's chest and that of the first mate, with two compasses which the mate had snatched from the binnacle. They shoved off, but had scarcely made two lengths from the ship when she fell over to windward and settled low in the water on her beam-ends, a total wreck.

The captain and second mate, seeing the signal for the recall of the boats flying, had cut loose from their whales and were rowing toward the ship. They knew something had happened, but what it was they could not tell. The captain's boat was the first to reach the mate's. He stopped close by, so completely overpowered that for a space he could not utter a syllable.

"My God, Mr. Chase," he gasped out at last, "what is the matter?"

"We have been stove in by a whale, sir," said the mate, telling him the whole appalling story.

By the captain's direction, the boats rowed to the sinking ship, and with their hatchets the men managed to cut away the masts, whereupon she rose two-thirds of the way to an even keel. They scuttled the deck—chopped holes through it, that is—and succeeded in coming at some six hundred pounds of unspoiled hard bread, which they divided among the three boats, and sufficient fresh water to give each boat sixty-five gallons in small breakers—being all they dared to take in one. They also procured a musket, two pistols, some powder and bullets, some tools and six live turtles. From the light spars of the ship they rigged two masts for each boat, and with the light canvas provided each one with two spritsails and a jib. They also got some light cedar planking used to repair the boats and with it built the gun-wales up six inches all around.

On the 22d of November, being then in 120° W. long, and just north of the equator, the officers took counsel together as to what to do. The nearest lands were the Marquesas Islands, fifteen hundred miles away; the Society Islands, twenty-four hundred miles away, and the Sand-

wich Islands, three thousand miles away. They knew little about the first two groups, save that they were inhabited by fierce and treacherous savages from whom they had as much to fear as from the perils of the sea. The Sandwich Islands were too far away, and they would be apt to meet hurricanes, prevalent at that season, should they attempt to reach them. After a long deliberation, they decided to take advantage of the southeast trades by sailing by the wind until they reached the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude. Then falling in with westerly and variable winds, they would turn east and run for the coast of Chili or Peru. This course involved the longest voyage, but it also promised the greatest chance of success.

Sometimes they made good progress with favorable winds. At other times they lay immobile in the blazing tropic sunlight, which was almost unbearable. Often they were buffeted by fierce squalls or wild storms, especially as they left the equator. Only the important incidents of their unparallelled voyage can be dwelt upon. Most of the events mentioned happened in the mate's boat, but the experience of one boat epitomizes that of the others.

The mate's boat was the smallest. He was allotted five men. The other two boats each contained one more man. The men were put on an allowance of one sea-biscuit, weighing about one pound and a quarter, and a half pint of water, a day. In the mate's boat the provisions were kept in his chest, which he locked. The men behaved in the most exemplary manner. In only one instance did any one attempt to steal provisions. They ran into a storm on the 24th, which wet some of their biscuit, and as it was necessary to get rid of the damaged bread as soon as possible, the daily allowance was taken from the spoiled portion exclusively. The soaked biscuit were very salt and greatly increased their thirst.

During the long and exhausting voyage, a plank started in the mate's boat, and it was with difficulty that they heeled it over in the water, at the risk of their lives, to get to the place and nail it up. One night the captain's boat was attacked by a species of fish known as a "killer" (Orca) and its bows were stove in. This also they

managed to patch up. On December 3d, they ate the last of the spoiled salt bread, and their relief when they began on the other was amazing. Their thirst was terrible, especially as it became necessary to cut the allowance of food and water in half. They tried from time to time to catch rain-water by means of the sails, but the canvas had been so often drenched by the spray that the water they caught was as salt as the sea.

One day they caught half a dozen flying-fish, which they ate raw. Mr. Chase remarks on the delicacy and daintiness of the mouthfuls which these little fish afforded the starving mariners. They fished for dolphins and porpoises, but never caught any, perhaps because they had nothing with which to bait the hooks. One day, seeking to alleviate the pangs of thirst by wetting their bodies, three of the men dropped into the water alongside and clung to the gunwale. One of them discovered that the boat's bottom was covered with barnacles. They were ravenously devoured, but proved of little value as food. The men in the water were so weak that had it not been for the efforts of three, skeptical as to the utility of the bath, who had remained in the boat, they would never have been able to regain their positions. During all these experiences, discipline was maintained—indeed, it was maintained to the very last.

On the 15th of December, they reached Ducie's Island, in long. $124^{\circ} 40' W.$, lat. $24^{\circ} 40' S.$, having come some seventeen hundred miles in twenty-three days in these open boats. They landed on the island and found a few shell-fish, birds and a species of pepper-grass, but no water. The famished men soon consumed everything eatable they could come at on the island. They hunted high and low, but it was not until the 22d that they found a spring of water. The island was almost desolate. Nothing was to be gained by remaining there, so the majority concluded to sail for Easter Island, some nine hundred miles to the southward. Three men decided to stay on the island. They all spent a melancholy Christmas there, repairing the boats and filling their water-breakers, and on the 27th the others took their departure.

On the 4th of January, 1821, they found they had been driven to the southward of Easter Island and that it was not practicable to beat up to it. They therefore determined to head for Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's island—some two thousand miles to the east-southeast. On the 10th, the second mate, Matthew Joy, died from exposure, and was buried the next morning. On the 12th, in the midst of a terrible storm, the boats separated.

First, we will follow the course of the mate's boat. On the 20th, Peterson, a black man, died and was buried. On the 8th of February, Isaac Cole, a white seaman, died. The men on the boat were by this time in a frightful condition, weak and emaciated to the last degree. Their provisions were almost gone. But two biscuit to a man remained. They were still over a thousand miles from land. They came to a fearful determination. The body of Cole was not buried. They lived on him from the 9th until the 14th. On the 15th and 16th, they consumed the last vestige of their biscuit.

On the 17th, driving along at the mercy of wind and wave, for there was not a man strong enough to do anything, they caught sight of the island of Massafuera. They were helpless to bring the boat near to the island. Whale-boats are steered by an oar. There was not a single man able to lift an oar. They might have made shift to steer by the sails. There was not a man able to pull a rope. In addition to starvation, thirst, weakness, mental anguish, their legs began to swell with a sort of scurvy, giving them excessive pain. Their condition can scarcely be imagined. The breath of life was there, nothing more.

However, they had at last reached the end of their sufferings, for on the morning of the 19th of February, 1821, in lat. $33^{\circ} 45' S.$, long. $81^{\circ} 03' W.$, the three surviving men were picked up by the brig "Indian" of London, Capt. William Crozier. On the 25th of February, they arrived at Valparaiso, ninety-six days and nearly four thousand miles from the sinking of the ship!

The other two boats managed to keep together for a little while after they lost sight of the mate's boat. On the 14th of

February, provisions in the second mate's boat gave out entirely. On the 15th, Lawson Thomas, a black man, died in that boat and was eaten. The captain's boat ran out of provisions on the 21st. On the 23d, Charles Shorter, another negro, died in the second mate's boat, and was shared between the two boats. On the 27th, another black man died from the same boat, furnishing a further meal for the survivors. On the 28th, Samuel Reed, the last black man, died in the captain's boat and was eaten like the rest. Singular that all the negroes died first!

On the 29th, in a storm, these two boats separated. When they parted, the second mate's boat had three living white men in her. Nothing was ever heard from her.

It might be inferred from the fact that the surviving men had had something to eat, that they were in fair physical condition. That is far from the truth. The men who had died were nothing but skin and bone, and all that the survivors got from their ghastly meals was the bare prolongation of a life which sank steadily to a lower and lower ebb. We may not judge these people too harshly. Hunger and thirst make men mad. They scarcely realized what they did.

There was worse to come. On the 1st of February, 1821, being without food or drink of any sort, the four men in the captain's boat cast lots as to which should die for the others. There is something significant of a spirit of fair play and discipline, not without its admirable quality, that under such circumstances the weaker were not overpowered by the stronger,

but that each man had an equal chance for life. The lot fell upon Owen Coffin, the captain's nephew.* He did not repine. He expressed his willingness to abide by the decision. No man desired to be his executioner. They cast lots as before to determine who should kill him, and the lot fell upon Charles Ramsdale. By him Coffin was shot.

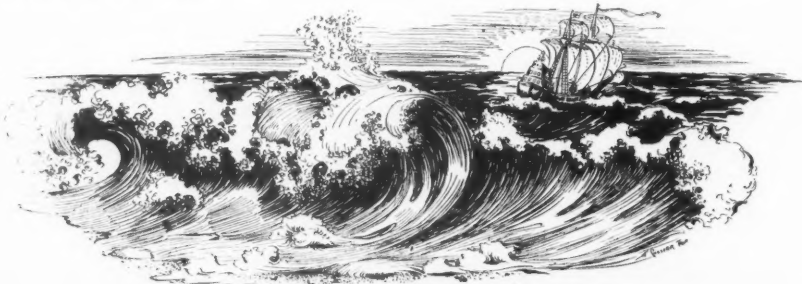
Thus they eked out a miserable existence until the 11th of February, when Brazilla Ray died. On the 23d of February, the two remaining men, the captain and Ramsdale, just on the point of casting lots as to which one should have the last poor chance for life, were picked up by the Nantucket whaler "Dauphin," Capt. Zimri Coffin. They had almost reached St. Mary's Island, ten miles from the coast of Chili. On the 17th of March, these two survivors joined the three from the mate's boat in Valparaiso.

In the harbor was the United States frigate "Constellation." So soon as her commander, Capt. Charles G. Ridgely, U. S. N., heard of the three left on Ducie's Island, he arranged with Capt. Thomas Raines, of the British merchant-ship "Surrey," to touch at the island on his voyage to Australia and take off the men. Captain Raines found them still alive, but reduced to the last gasp.

Thus, of the twenty men, five reached Valparaiso; three were saved on the island, three were lost in the second mate's boat; two died and were buried; six died and were eaten, and one was shot and eaten.

So ends this strange tragedy of the sea.

* A tradition still current in Nantucket has it that the lot fell to the captain, whereupon his nephew, already near death, feeling that he could not survive the afternoon, offered and insisted upon taking his uncle's place. I doubt this.





LAIS OF CORINTH.
A CHAPTER FROM YESTERDAY.

BY KATE JORDAN.

AT the end of an alley of olive-trees, a white palace glowed like a pearl. This was the home of Lais of Corinth. She had awakened early. Her toilet was over. Her women had tinted her eyelids with antimony, had painted the nails of her toes and fingers with a pink like the lustrous core of a conch-shell. They fastened her gold sandals to feet as white as milk; draped her robe of pearl-white silk in folds within her ceinture, which was made of sapphire disks; fastened it on the left shoulder with a buckle of silver and rubies, and plaited hyacinths in her hair.

She was listless as they spread her morning repast before her. There were grapes from Sicily, milk chilled with snow, eggs in a sauce like melted gold, small cakes made of sweetened grain said to keep the flesh young and the eyes bright, wine in silver flagons, and figs, dripping with juice, wrapped in their own leaves. But beyond a few figs and cakes, Lais ate nothing.

"Bid Ismene come to me," she murmured, pacing from her bed, hung with golden fringes and supported by golden rams' horns, to the window where the spring breeze met her like a kiss and swept

the wind-harps to murmurs that seemed human and heavy with longing. She turned, trembling, as Ismene entered.

This was a woman of almost forty, of ripe, assured beauty, who wore her wine-red draperies with an ample, heavy grace. Beside the materialism of her full-gazing eyes, heavy chin and lithe, full lips on which the phantom of a sneering smile could always be divined, Lais seemed a creature fashioned of spirit, air and sunlight. They were kinswomen, but Ismene suggested a comfortable storehouse bulging with garnered grain, and Lais the spring, full of vague tremblings and quick with mysterious desires.

"You did not sleep again last night. I can see you did not," said Ismene, laying her hand heavily upon Lais' shoulder. "What madness has come to you?"

"Come into the sunlight and talk with me. I need such words as you speak, Ismene."

Lais spoke with bitterness and submission as she pushed the screens aside. They passed down the sunlit steps to the gardens, to a deep marble seat draped with leopard-hides. Lais picked a spray of white hyacinths and held it against her lips.

"I wish that some one—king, philosopher, satrap—would call these flowers after me. I would that the name of Lais could steal through future centuries on such a carriage as the maddening perfume of these bells. They are flowers for lovers, Ismene; the breath of poetry has been filtered into them, and of those who breathe them only the dull-blooded can stay sane."

"As I do," laughed Ismene, "for I would rather have the ring of a thousand drachmas than the perfume of a world of hyacinths—and so did you, till the gods touched you with madness."

Lais clasped her fingers loosely around her raised knee and looked down the rose-bordered avenue to the haze which seemed as a small gauze door at the blue end of it.

"I seem mad to you, and no wonder."

Ismene broke into a rough laugh.

"For more than a month past you have seemed like a prudent wife used to spinning among her maids, one who had wandered by some mischance into the palace of Lais."

"I am so weary," Lais murmured.

"You no longer have the wreaths your lovers hang upon your door brought into your presence, so great is your disdain. Galba the Sicilian, who has long adored you—"

"That great blacksmith!" Lais shuddered. "Speak no more of him."

"Otho the satrap, whose—"

"Whose affectations make my eyes heavy with sleep."

"Even Demosthenes." Ismene stood up impatiently: "You are like a provoking child." Ismene folded her arms and bent a practical gaze on Lais' dreamy face. "Lais, you are the most beautiful woman in Corinth; they have fashioned Aphrodite in marble from your body; philosophers are your confidants; the great, the rich, are your followers; the sun seems made to shine upon the gold in your hair; this flowered earth seems to exist only to be pressed by your light, scornful feet. This is your hour. Surely it came and lingers, and as surely it must go. What are you doing with it?"

Lais' gray eyes grew attentive and awed.

"You must grow old," continued Ismene. "Ah, that can make you blench,

though your hair is like sun-mist on your brow and your fresh lips are like a child's; though your palace rises in white, flowering stone before you, and your slaves are more than six hundred. Never forget it, Lais. Then you won't let some spring fantasy befool you."

Lais put her elbows on her knees and propped her fists against her cheeks. Her half-loose hair, knitted with hyacinths, made a veil for her face.

"O Ismene, you speak wisely. I know indeed how wisely you speak. But what can I do? I am possessed by a feeling which makes me loathe myself."

She turned her wearied, beautiful eyes to Ismene. "I hate my life. It is a poor thing, for oh, I love one—one—and under my portal he will never pass."

"I heard his song again last night." Ismene's sneer was violent. "Have you seen him more than the once of which you told me?"

"Not since that night," Lais sighed in thrilling tones, "more than a month ago, when the moonlight was like a silver rain in which the world was drowned and only he and I seemed alive and breathing. I had heard his song for three nights, and from curiosity I had hidden in the garden. We met there in that pallid light, and I saw in his dark-blue eyes what I had never seen in the eyes of any man; and I felt within me a strange, sweet, burning trouble for the first time. It has not left me since. Only the thought of his young face and the memory of his voice speaking my name can ease it, while—mystery of mysteries—thinking upon these things can also make it surge through me until I feel sick and stricken as if I searched a wilderness for water."

"So you told me before, Lais, but one look into a man's face to have done this proves that it is nothing more than a spring ailment."

"There have been other springs," said Lais, "and I laughed through them without a care."

"Tell me just what this youth has said to you—this master of witchery."

"He loves me, has secretly watched and followed me for months. It is I who have bewitched him—for he loves me, though he seems to shrink from me. His heart,

his spirit, are in chains before me, but he would not even kiss my hand that night in the garden. Since then, on other nights, I have sometimes induced him to come for a moment close to the terrace screens, he down in the shadows and I above, and we have talked together, but he has told me nothing of himself."

"What did you tell him?"

"I have told him that I love him. I have begged him to let me honor him, to set out a banquet with music and dancing fit for a king. He laughed; his laugh was the saddest sound I have ever heard! It follows me—and his words, 'Poor Lais, poor Lais, you do not understand.'"

"A tone of pity?"

"Yes. 'Poor Lais, poor Lais, you do not understand.' Can you divine their meaning, Ismene?"

"He must be mad!"

"I feel in my soul there is some secret reading. Besides this, he has at times used words that are strange to me——"

"Ah, he is probably not a Greek. Have done with this barbarian. Think no more of him." Ismene moved a few steps away. "Remember, you sit for Apelles to-day. Let us go in."

A wilful look rippled over Lais' face as she went in by Ismene's side. As they passed into the sleeping-room, she paused with the lifted screen in her hand, the blazing peacock hue strewn with the black-and-golden eyes throwing a green radiance upon her dazzling skin.

"The world invites me. See how the earth pulses in the sunshine and the little leaves twinkle like the feet of dancers. I must go out again—and alone."

Ismene stood frowning.

"You mean that you will have Apelles come again in vain?"

"Do not be angry," Lais pleaded, holding out her hands. "There is a wish within me which seems in some strange way to have a kinship to the awakening mold, the bursting sap and all the ravishing disturbance and riot in the woods. I feel as if no couch could content me other than the cool, sweet earth with its sounds of hidden, secret life, no walls shut me in but trees whose budding boughs will gabble

softly to me. Oh, I must go. Tell Apelles that to-morrow I will sit."

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," muttered Ismene, as she strode away, her heavy face troubled. "So it has been since the first song of this midnight stranger."

Lais had herself arrayed for an excursion into the woods. She wore a cloak-like drapery of scarlet silk to which a jeweled net was fastened and which held her floss-like hair as an iridescent cobweb might the sun at midday. A veil of shining gauze fell before her face. At first she thought she would be driven behind her young mules shod with silver, but musing upon the narrow woodland ways for which her fancy longed, she decided to be borne in her smallest litter by four slave-girls who should take their lutes with them and play for her, if that became her mood. So with drawn curtains she was carried out of her gardens, down the public roads, until the woods were reached. In this seclusion she lifted the veil, parted the curtains, and lying on her arms, looked out on the spaces of mist, chance glitterings of water, the blue stains of violets against the black tree-roots, the fluttering, budding canopy above.

At a clearing fringed by trees, a spot most intimately inviting, she had the girls stop, and alighted. Leaving them there, she went on alone. She seemed in the marvel of this new unrest to have become a child again, for when she saw an inquisitive briar-bud pushing its way through a cluster of leaves, she sank on her knees with a joyous clucking of the tongue, fingering it and smelling it lovingly. But she did not pluck it, this earliest rose; she loved it too well. The thought made her stop with her fingers on the opening leaves. What if *he* loved her that way? Was it that he would rather go on with a radiant memory of her, as she with the memory of this ungathered flower? The yearning wonder was still in her eyes as she halted on the edge of the clearing. Here she saw that which made her pause. The hollow was like a great grassy cup, a million bluebells blooming in it, making a bed that Psyche would have loved, and in its very heart, the flecked sunlight playing over him, a youth lay fast asleep.

The leap of her heart was followed by a rippling, breathless joy. The upturned face she had seen fully only once before, in the flooding moonlight. As she crept toward the sleeper, she saw he must have come there like herself, to be alone, for there was an unrolled parchment under his head from which he had evidently been reading. She stood above him, studying him, this human creature, who had despairingly refused the love that princes were glad to pray for.

Ismene was right, he was not a Greek. His skin was like bright bronze, as if a desert sun had warmed it; his hair and shining lashes and straight, strong brows were bluish-black; but the closed eyes which she knew were deeply blue, and his nose and mouth, as delicate as Hermes' and devoid of barbaric coarseness, completed a type that at first confused her. His cloak, though worn and patched in places, had been of the richly dyed purple embroidered with finely cut Phœnician beads which she had seen on Carthaginian merchants, and the name which caught her eye upon the unrolled parchment was a Carthaginian name—Hasdrubal.

Cautiously, with pauses between the gentle tugs, she drew the parchment from beneath his inanimate hand without waking him. She sank on her knees there, and finding the scroll covered with Greek writing, she read it eagerly. At the top of the page the dedication ran: "Hasdrubal to Lais." Below it was this verse:

"What are these things thou lovest? Vanity!
To see men turn their heads when thou dost pass,
To be the sign-board and the looking-glass
Where every idler there may glut his eye.
To see men speak thy name mysteriously,
Wagging their heads.
To see you thus is grief and wounds and poison
to my blood.
Oh, this is sacrilege and foul abuse."

Frowning, she read one line again:

"Oh, this is sacrilege and foul abuse."

Lais had never heard such words as these. She had honored herself, been honored. No other, surely, had ever thought of her in such a manner. She felt as if a sea had passed over her, confusing her, blinding her, yet casting her on nothing firm that she might seize in her amazement. When she turned her dazed

gaze from the page, she saw the young man's eyes were open and fixed upon her. Love, pity and pleading were there. But the love seemed to pass out of Lais' heart and her face was as a displeased queen's. As he stood up, casting his purple cloak back, she handed him the parchment.

"Do you know what Homer has said?" she asked, coldly. "'Hateful to me as the gates of hell is he who conceals one thing in his mind and utters another.' Secretly you write such lines of me. You have never spoken them."

Her wrath did not make him abject. He turned from her a little with a look of grief. When, after a moment's quiet, he looked at her, she saw again the look she could not understand.

"Lais," he said, slowly, "I did not mean you to know my secret thoughts, lest, since you love me, it might hurt you to hear them, as it almost kills me to think them."

Here was no puerile defense such as she had been prepared to meet. Amazement and a curious humility fell upon her.

"Tell me what you mean?" she implored.

At this, her eyes chancing to fall upon his wrist, she saw the flesh stiffened with blood far up the arm, while from a wound near the hand it still crept sluggishly. She made a cooing sound of sympathy and darted to him.

"You have been wounded."

"Only some vicious brambles——" he began.

Before he could prevent, her fingers had closed tenderly over the wound.

"I love you so, this seems my own torn flesh," she sighed, and tried to draw him toward the face so fit for worship which invited him. But he drew back, though his hand remained in both of hers and she caressed it.

"Your name is Hasdrubal?"

"Yes."

"Hasdrubal," she said, softly and piteously.

Little sighs left her lips, her eyes flickering up to his in prayer or drooped over the gashed wrist as she wrapped her shining veil about it.

"Lais, your gentleness is as beautiful as your face," Hasdrubal said, drawing his

hand from her and looking down at the bandage her fingers had stumblingly tied. "Your pity for my wound is sweet. Ah, do not think of me," he said, with sudden, bitter energy, "as of a capricious lover or one hesitating or overshy. Instead, weave this epitaph for the love I bear you:

"'Tis not love's fault we part, or grief's.

Alas, One Mightier now compels us with his rod,

Lest we be withered with the wrath of God."

A quick intelligence and relief filled Lais' eyes.

"Ah, now I do know why you are so cold to me. You may not love me because you have displeased a god. Which god?"

"There is but one God," said Hasdrubal.

Lais made a little weary gesture and seated herself on the sloping bank.

"Your words confuse me. We Greeks have many gods. And you? Are you not a Carthaginian?"

"My mother was a Greek, my father a Carthaginian, and I was born in Carthage."

"Why then do you speak of one God? Have you not Baal and Melkarth and the blood-hungry Moloch and the two-horned moon-goddess, Astarte? Why then do you speak of this one God?"

Hasdrubal seated himself near her. His face was alight with a glory which made it so beautiful that she was conquered and silent under its power.

"I worship Jehovah, the God of the Jews," he said, and spreading out his palms, looked past her face to the smiling sky. "It amazes you, Lais, that I, half Greek and half Carthaginian, should kneel before this strange, all-powerful, all-comprehending, ever-watchful, just and merciful God, who is Judge and Father?"

"Why do you worship a god like this?"

"He is not a god," said Hasdrubal; "he *is* God. Oh, Lais, you do not know what it means to live in the awful knowledge of eternal God."

He bowed his head. Lais drew herself along the earth, closer to him, and pillowed her cheek in her hand.

"I would hear more of this one God," she said, but she was thinking of the blueness of his eyes.

"When I was a child," Hasdrubal began, "my father was one of the richest merchants in Carthage. He had five ships

and he sailed far in them, returning with treasure from strange lands—with sandalwood from Malabar, spices from Arabia, copper from Cyprus, silver from Spain, gold from the Niger. But disasters came with the years. Some of his ships were lost at sea. Plague, famine and dishonest friends were all aids to misfortune. Three years since, I went with my father on his last voyage, on his last ship. He had decided that I was to be a merchant like him and restore the fallen fortunes of our name, though my secret desire was to be a poet and to acquire knowledge. Our ship parted on a rock on that voyage and we were cast on the shores of Asia, saving nothing from our riven ship save a small bag of gold pieces. My father died there among the fisher-folk, and I made my way to Jerusalem. I had always wanted to see the Temple there and witness the splendor of the Jewish ritual. I found it a sight of awful and bewildering majesty. My eyes were at first filled only with the curiosity of a Carthaginian to explore the glories of strange altars, but as I continued in Jerusalem whatever of poetry was born in me seemed to burst into full life to sing the sovereignty, the majesty and mercy, of this one God before whom it was prophesied all men must one day kneel.

"I met there a wise and wonderful man, a prophet, simple as a child, and from his tongue a marvelous wisdom flowed. His name was Malachi, and he had his humble home just outside the gates of Jerusalem. I knew Greek, as my own tongue, from my mother, and this wonderful man knew all tongues. I spent days and nights with him, and he taught me of God. He read me from the older prophets—the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, the haunting prophecies of Isaiah, how one day the Son of God would come to live on earth and redeem the world—oh, marvelous story to thrill one though he were stone! At first the words of fire and beauty dazzled me, then David's repentance, trust and prayers stole like fingers around my heart, until, at last, slowly I felt the worship of God a part of me. I was like a blind man whose eyes are made to see by a lightning-flash. I believed. I fell on my face, overcome by the thought of the enthroned Jehovah. When I turned my face from

Jerusalem, after many months, I sought Greece. I yearned for my mother's land, and I came glorying in a purpose—to spread the news of the Lord God Almighty, and turn men's hearts to him."

Here he stood up, his face white and with a shadow on his eyes.

"I felt that God would touch my tongue, young though I was, with the fire of the prophets, so that I might speak words to melt the obstinate hearts of all who listened, and so I came joyously. Zeus and Hermes and Hercules and Aphrodite—I was to deride this squabbling nursery of gods, just as I would later preach against Baal, Moloch, Astarte and Melkarth."

He flung out his hands and looked down at Lais' lifted face as one vanquished looks at an enemy.

"What have I done? Have I been true? Have I sought to save the souls of men? Oh, Lais, Lais," he shuddered, "I have been worshiping you, writing of you, dreaming of you."

Lais smiled, an exquisite happiness trickling over her flesh. The torture in his eyes, a tribute to her power, was heady like the perfume of her hyacinths.

"When did you first see me?" she softly questioned.

"At the public spectacles where you assisted at the worship of Aphrodite. Oh, monstrous worship, mad people!—and I as mad as the rest when you paused in the dance, looked at me, and in passing gave me a smile!"

Lais moved suddenly to her knees and caught his hand, pressing it to her lips. Her face was quick with triumphant beauty.

"I'd rather have you look at me with those stormy eyes, Hasdrubal, than see a king pine for love of me. Oh, let us talk no more of gods. Worship whom you will—but love me."

Hasdrubal bent so near her their breaths mingled, his lips were almost upon hers. But he tore his hand away, stepping back.

"That I never shall," he said, with a frenzy like a blow. "Oh, how I have forgotten what I vowed to God! But I will never seek you again, and my punishment shall be the trying to forget you and the remembering of you always."

Lais rose slowly. For a moment she

quivered with rage and could not speak.

"You fling me from you as you would a slave!" she said, after this pause, in a controlled voice. "Is it Lais of Corinth who listens to such words? I cannot tell what has come to me that I can hear them without wishing you dead."

"I would gladly have you granted that wish," Hasdrubal hotly and despairingly retorted, "rather than the other."

She folded her arms, and lifted her head like a mettlesome racer's.

"I have been used to different words, to see heads bowed before me, to hear voices soft-cadenced and entreating. I have been wont to tread insolently on the homage of men who might be likened to the sun, and *you*—a stripling, penniless, almost ragged—to a mote in the sun. I have been foolish—I have been patient—but I am wise now, O prophet from Jerusalem!"

He heard her in silence, and with a long, earnest look turned to leave her, yet turned again.

"Why, instead of singing of love to you, did I not try to save you," he said, faintly, "persuade you to leave the scarlet, sinful splendor in which you live, to know God, and be again as a little child?"

Lais nodded slowly; her long gray eyes were very bright, and he could not read the look in them.

"Give up my wealth, too, do you mean?" she asked, with a threatening quiet.

"Every drachma of it—step from your accursed palace, penniless, pure in your repentance, and so be forgiven."

"And what would life then hold for me?" she questioned.

"God would protect you. He fed his children with manna in the wilderness."

She moved nearer to him, stealthily.

"If I were this prostrate penitent, would you still condemn me—or would you love me a little?" Her voice promised much. It was all tenderness, humility, aspiration.

Hasdrubal sighed in sudden, overpowering rapture.

"If you could love me so greatly, we two be husband and wife blessed by God, living for each other through the years, till we die, spreading his truth, following his laws, living truly, cleanly, honorably, each for the other—oh, heaven is on earth

and its rapture almost more than human blood can bear when two love so!"

He had come close to her; the breeze blew a long, shining hair from her net across his face. His arms were trembling to hold her and then to sink to the earth with her in an ecstatic prayer. But Lais lifted her eyes suddenly to his, triumph blazing in them, and a look so compelling and seductive that Hasdrubal stood in its leash. She laughed in his face and caught him suddenly and closely to her. He did not move as she kissed him in a tempest of love.

When she pushed him from her roughly, her face was white. He gazed at her in anguish. Lais laughed afresh.

"Go, prophet," she cried, retreating. "You will never forget me now. You will yet seek me and love me though I remain what I am—no penitent—Lais of Corinth."

Her gold sandals flickered over the bluebells as she ran, her alluring eyes looking backward, and he stood there alone.

Four sunlit days and starry nights went by, and as they ran their course a prolonged festival kept pace with them in the house of Lais. One feast succeeded the other, with Lais the dominant spirit. She seemed to desire no moment's rest. She surpassed herself in wild caprices. Her beauty blazed with a terrible radiance. She laughed and sang and danced and drank, insulting her companions as one feeling no limit to her power, giving her compliments or her disdain according to the fancy of the moment. Ismene had no fault to find with her kinswoman now. From the ashes of her weariness, born of a passing infatuation for a scarcely seen stranger, who had surely only piqued her by possessing a cold strength her beauty could not dissolve, she had risen with a brighter, more invincible charm. Ismene was satisfied that her warning had borne this fruit.

She had not noticed that during these nights Lais had always crept away as midnight approached, saying nothing to the revelers. From the banqueting-hall she had slipped through the tortoise-shell doors leading to her sleeping-rooms, no one following, not even a slave. After a half

hour she had returned each night, paler, more defiant, more recklessly gay.

Those quiet moments were spent in a vain watch for Hasdrubal in the garden's spaces, in listening for the first notes of his soft song that was to tell her he had come as lover, not prophet—that Lais had won. But he did not come. On this fourth night she stood by the lifted screen, looking down into the garden, empty of all but a stealing night-mist and fragrance, and knew of a surety that he would never seek her so. From within herself she heard a voice whispering this truth to her. No, he would never again hide in her garden, or steal for a word to her window; she would never hear his song.

She felt as if death had touched her, and with a shudder came the memory of the innocent look in Hasdrubal's boy's eyes. No other had ever looked at herso. She flung out her arms, her head sank, and so she passed out to the terrace, kneeling there, her burning arms upon the stone. Her flesh was moist and warm from the heated revel; the petals from fading, crimson roses were falling from her hair. From the banquet-hall she heard the sonorous, wild insistence of an Ethiopian's love-song, the cries of the dancers as they struck their palms to the beat of the music, the laughter from Ismene and Chrysis, and the voice of the young Cyrenian calling her name. A loathing of herself passed over her, and as if to invoke a talisman to lift her from the slough, she spoke Hasdrubal's name many times, the call growing into a prayer:

"Hasdrubal, the immortal part of me seeks you. I send it searching for you wherever you may be. I bid it tell you to come to me, to pray to me as you did in the wood. Oh, Hasdrubal, I am now yours as the clay in the potter's hands is his. I love you. Lead me from this house, wean me from my poisoned days, make me your love, your wife. Oh, I will go with you among strange people into the desert, over seas and sands. I am yours. Your God shall be mine. Oh, love! oh, love! oh, love! if I could have all the glories of the earth poured into one cup, a draft to make me as the immortal gods, I would not drink it, Hasdrubal, if your love were not there. But if your love were there, and all the rest of the draft dark and bitter, I would

drink it though it made me a beggar at the gates of the city. I send this prayer to you. My soul has gone out of me bearing it to you. Come to me, Hasdrubal."

In the intensity of the appeal, strength slipped from her. In the ecstasy of concentration upon that one demand, her body seemed kneeling tenantless, as if life had been torn from it in the last, burning word.

Her name spoken softly brought her to her feet with a cry, her arms held out stumbingly, her eyes glad and wild, for in the name she read an answer to her prayer. But in the starlight she saw the face of Demosthenes. He laughed with a paternal good-humor as Lais retreated, her lids sinking in weakness.

"You, Demosthenes? Go within. I came here to be alone."

The philosopher laughed again with a wise sneer. He was a grave man, with bright, sunken eyes and protruding forehead.

"To be alone, but with a welcome in abeyance for some one more fortunate than I. However, with years we grow humble, and I have no reproaches, Lais. But give me a kinder greeting, since I have been driven furiously from the city to sit at your feast for a little while."

"I am in no mood for entertainment," she said, curtly. "I must be here alone. Tell Ismene I must not be disturbed."

"But what if I bear news of interest?"

She folded her arms, turned indifferently from him and looked into the garden.

"Compliments from the living seem to interest you so little, Lais. Would your attention quicken to hear of a dead man who loved you?"

"A dead man?—then, a happy one," she sighed, still indifferent.

"It was an occurrence out of the common," Demosthenes pursued, resting against a column and leaning toward her. "One of my servants whose brother keeps a wine-shop in a poor section of the city came to me with a story. In a room in this poor house lay dead a beautiful youth, a Carthaginian it would seem——"

Lais wheeled like an eagle, apprehension flaring in her face. She seized his hands.

"I knew a Carthaginian, Demosthenes——" the words dying on her lips. "But, it cannot be—it is not——" She remained gazing into his face.

Demosthenes moved into the light.

"Have you ever seen this before?" He handed her a strip of crumpled gauze, and Lais recognized it as her own veil which she had tied around Hasdrubal's wrist. She took it from him without speaking. Demosthenes read the truth in her face, and without questioning her, he continued the story in soft haste:

"They found him dead, this veil and this scroll upon his heart," he said, drawing a folded paper from his girdle. "My servant brought me other verses of beautiful, liquid sweetness, all telling of a burning, tormented love for you. I will fetch them to-morrow. He gave you a great gift, Lais, when he gave his life, for he was young." He lifted the screen, but paused to look at her as she stood with the veil crushed against her lips, her eyes closed. "If I, so old and tired, could have purchased those surrendered years!"

Lais was alone. She crouched to the light to read Hasdrubal's last message:

"If I had chosen thee, thou shouldst have been
A maiden proud, untamed, immaculate,
Chaste as the morning star, a saint, a queen,
Scarred by no wars, no violence of hate.
Lo, thou art none of this, but only fair,
Yet must I love thee, dear, and as thou art.

"Farewell, farewell. These words must be
The last between us two in earth or heaven.
Our souls are single for all time to come
And for eternity, and this farewell
Is as the trumpet-note, the crack of doom,
Which heralds an eternal silence."

She kissed the blood-stained veil. Every irregular blot upon it seemed a tongue telling her of a spring day in a sun-streaked wood and of a golden moment never to be reborn. She crept slowly into the deepest shadow in the garden and lay upon the earth as one lies on a grave. She knew that among her savorless triumphs in the years to come the memory of Hasdrubal would haunt her, the young prophet who had died to be true to his ideals.

Figures came out upon the distant terrace and the young Cyrenian kept calling to her, but Lais did not lift her head, while her groping fingers made a little grave in the soft spring earth for the veil and the crushed parchment.

"If he had lived," she moaned against the mold, her tears coming heavily; "if he had told me more of that unknown God——!"



THE FOOD OF LOVE.

By J. J. BELL.

I.

IT was a windless afternoon in July, and a great stillness reigned in the Dovedale woods. Frank Sidney, walking slowly along a little-trodden path, turned his eyes from side to side in search of a little comfortable bit of dry moss whereon to stretch himself and enjoy his pipe. "This is peace indeed," he said to himself, contentedly, as he lazily tilted back the soft hat which had barely protected him from the sun's strong rays on the highroad ere he found refuge in the cool shades of the wood.

Presently he stepped aside from the path, threw himself on a seductive patch of moss strewn with fragments of twigs and crisp fir-cones, and started to fill his pipe. But in the middle of the brief operation he paused, listening intently.

"Curious!" he muttered. "There can't be any houses near. . . . Quaint notion to bring a violin to the woods. Not a bad notion either—if the player is a mu-

sician. And in this case the player knows what he's doing, though his instrument is poor. . . . Besides, it's decidedly not picnic music." Sidney put his pipe and pouch in his pocket, rose, and made his way among the trees, till, guided by the music, he approached a small clearing. He halted and peered through the branches, but could perceive no one. And still the player went on.

Then his eye caught sight of a dilapidated little hut, which long ago might have been used as a storehouse or toolhouse by men engaged in felling timber, and from which he realized that the sounds were coming. The door was closed, but the shutter had been removed from an unglazed window, and Sidney thought he saw a hand and arm moving within.

Taking care to make no noise, he left the trees, crossed the clearing and looked into the hut. At the far end was another open window, and near it, with her back to him, stood a slim, dark-haired girl, playing from a sheet of music pinned to

the bare wooden wall. She was practising a short passage of the music, and was evidently finding it difficult. Sidney watched and listened for several minutes, and then, with an absent look on his face, left the window, went round to the door, pushed it open and stepped into the hut.

"Try it this way," he said, quietly; and as the girl turned to him startled and confused, he added, "Allow me, please," and took violin and bow from her unresisting hands.

"Watch my fingering," he said, and played the passage twice. "Now try it."

But she did not attempt to take back the instrument. She simply stared at him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, suddenly, the red rushing over his face. "I—I beg your pardon. I forgot you weren't a pupil. I must have been dreaming."

Still she stared at him.

"You see, I was wandering through the wood, and had just sat down for a rest, when I heard your violin, and curiosity made me follow the sound. Then I stood outside and listened to you for a bit, and when you got into difficulties it seemed the most natural thing in the world to try to help you. I didn't mean to be rude," he stammered. "Please believe that. I teach the violin a good deal, and——"

"Oh, you weren't rude," said the girl, recovering herself and taking the violin and bow from him, "but you did give me a fright. I shouldn't be practising here, but—but I've no other place."

"No other place?" he echoed, wondering.

But she did not enlighten him, and he fancied she was waiting for him to go.

"Good afternoon," he said, raising his hat, "and forgive me for frightening you."

He was leaving the hut when she spoke.

"Please——" she began, softly, and stopped, blushing.

"Yes? Can I do anything?" he returned, halting in the doorway.

"Please—would you play the difficult bars again? I"—with an awkward smile—"was too frightened to notice when you played them at first."

"Certainly. Now, do you understand?"

"I think so. It's good of you. I've no one else to show me."

"No one else? Why, surely you have

a teacher!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

She shook her head. "Not now—not for years," she said.

"Would you mind playing through this?" he asked, indicating the music on the wall.

"Oh, no!"

"Please. Just to see if you have got that passage right. I'll go whenever you have finished."

"You won't laugh?"

"Laugh? No, indeed!"

For an instant she glanced at him doubtfully. Then, with a little gesture of despair, she began to play. At first she stumbled nervously, but soon she was playing as if she had forgotten his presence. And the difficult passage was difficult no longer.

"Thank you," he said, when she had finished. "You play well."

"Do I?" she cried, in unaffected delight. "But no; it is impossible."

"It is true. Have you never been told so before?"

"I never played to anybody. I play to myself here when I get the chance. That is all."

"Will you tell me who taught you?"

"My father. He was a beautiful player."

"Music was his profession?"

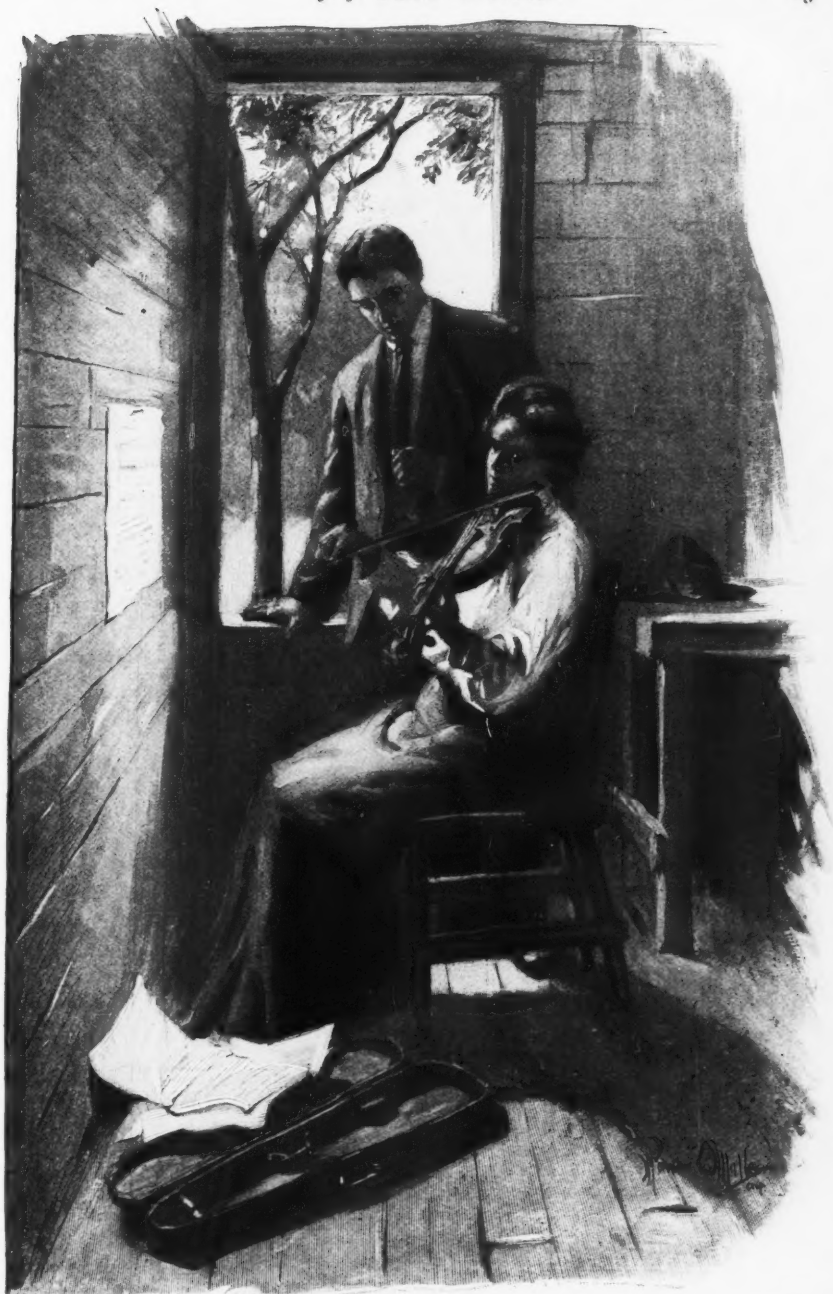
"Yes. You may have heard of him. Henry Rayward was his name."

"Ah! Every one remembers Henry Rayward, and I have good cause to remember him. How strange it is to meet his daughter like this! Do you know, Miss Rayward, it was your father who helped to get me my first engagement. I met him only on a few occasions, but I found him a man always ready to help others."

The girl's lip quivered, and Sidney did not give her time to speak.

"My name is Frank Sidney, and I'm spending my holidays with my sister at Beechwood. Mere chance brought me to Dovedale this afternoon, but it was happy chance also. Will you shake hands, Miss Rayward?"

She gave him her hand willingly, and wished he would go on talking about her father, for it was years since she had met any one who had known Henry Rayward. And Sidney talked as her heart desired, watching the expressions of sadness and



Drawn by Power O'Malley.

"BUT SOON SHE WAS PLAYING AS IF SHE HAD FORGOTTEN HIS PRESENCE."

gladness coming and going in her sweet young face.

"Oh!" she sighed at last, "how good it is to hear about him again. I'm so glad you came, Mr. Sidney."

The young man caught himself wondering, not for the first time, about the girl's circumstances. Surely there was something wrong somewhere.

She saw that he was puzzled, and after some hesitation she said: "You're thinking it is strange that I shouldn't hear others speak of my father, aren't you, Mr. Sidney? But my aunt and uncle, whom I live with now, never forgave him for being a professional musician, and—and I sometimes fancy they can't forgive me for being his daughter. My mother was my aunt's sister, but I don't remember her. Don't think my aunt and uncle aren't kind to me. They are only rather strict and narrow in their ideas. They hate music, and——"

"And that is why you have come to this hut to practise?"

"Yes. They wouldn't have me play in the house for anything. I suppose I'm rather a burden to them. I often wish that——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing. What is the time, Mr. Sidney?"

"Ten minutes to five."

"Oh, I must go," she cried. "I had no idea it was so late. They will be cross, I expect." And she hurriedly packed her violin in its case.

"May I come to see you, Miss Rayward?" he inquired.

She smiled a little ruefully. "You would be the first visitor since I came to Dovedale. And I'm afraid——"

"They wouldn't approve of me?" he asked, with a laugh.

"It's better to be honest, isn't it? And I shouldn't like you to get a lecture from Uncle Amos."

"Is there no chance of converting him to reason? It's ridiculous that you should not have a teacher for your violin."

She shook her head sadly.

"Will you let me give you a few lessons?" he said, suddenly.

Her face grew rosy.

"I can't teach you much more than you know," he continued, "but there

are a few little points I might help you with. Will you allow me? Will you let me come here and give you a lesson now and then?"

"Oh, you are so good," she whispered, impulsively, "and I—I can't refuse."

"Then may I come to-morrow?"

"Ah, no. I can't get away from the house two days running."

"Well, the day after—that is Thursday?"

"I think Friday would be surer, if it would suit you," she said, shyly.

"Then Friday, at three o'clock."

"Thank you; oh, thank you!"

"Bring some music, please, and I'll fetch some also. I'll bring my violin, too, and we might have some duets."

She clapped her hands.

"So it's all settled, Miss Rayward," he said, smiling at her enthusiasm. "I suppose there's no fear of an audience here."

"Oh, no one ever comes to this part of the wood. You are the first person that has found me out."

"Found you in," he corrected. And they both laughed at the mild joke. "I'll walk with you to the edge of the wood."

"Please, no. I'm so late that I must run. Good-by, Mr. Sidney, and thank you—oh, thank you!"

"Nonsense! Good-by, Miss Rayward—till three o'clock on Friday."

He watched her passing swiftly among the trees, and the smile on his lips was one of tender amusement. "Sweet little innocent!" he said to himself. "She doesn't know her power—doesn't even dream of it. Why," and his face grew grave, "given the right teacher, she would have London at her feet in a couple of years, perhaps less."

He took out his pipe, filled and lit it, and, having found the path after several vain attempts, went slowly and thoughtfully homeward.

In the course of the evening, he told his sister of the encounter. Mrs. Marsden, whose husband was a successful merchant, was at first amused, but presently became serious.

"It's all very pretty and romantic, Frank, but is it quite right?" she asked.

"By right, do you mean conventional?" he retorted, smiling.

"My dear boy, I know it's not conventional. In fact, it's shocking! Miss Rayward, poor little thing, may be as simple and natural as you say——"

"She is!"

"Well, well, she is, then! But do you think your plan is fair to her?"

"How fair?"

"H'm! What do you think, Frank, would be the result of the two of you being discovered in that charmingly sequestered spot which you have just been describing to me? What about the Dovedale gossips?"

"Oh, rot, Lucy! There isn't the slightest likelihood of our being discovered."

Mrs. Marsden shook her head in a sage fashion. "I'm always willing to help you, dear boy," she said, kindly, "and I should be delighted if Miss Rayward cared to come here for her lessons. Now!"

"You're a jewel!" exclaimed her brother. "But her awful relations would be more likely to hear of her having lessons here than in the wood. Besides—the wood seems to—er—suit her. Later on, you must come and hear her play in the little hut."

Mrs. Marsden shook her head again. "I don't like it, Frank, I don't like it," she said. "There will be trouble as sure as—oh, mercy! there's baby awake!" And she left him to his own thoughts, which, after all, were not so chastened as they ought to have been. Later on, he tried to settle down to the *adagio* movement of a big work upon which he was engaged, but soon he laid the manuscript aside and proceeded to write the words, and then the music, of a gay little song which he called "Wood Notes." It was rather a sentimental little song, too.

II.

"It's glorious playing on your violin," she sighed, stopping, as if for breath, between a couple of dashing tarantellas.

"Is it, Lydia?" he said, gazing at her in admiration. "You get far more out of it than I can."

"You shouldn't say that," she murmured, flushing.

"Why not? It's the truth. I'm only a teacher—you're an artist. But don't stop yet."

She rushed into the second tarantella,

while Sidney, perched on the section of a tree-trunk set on end, let his heart go with the music. What a whirl it was! And when she stopped, exhausted for the moment, he leaped toward her as though he were going to take her in his arms. But he restrained himself, for the question which had tormented him so often of late pricked him again.

Was it the girl or her music that he loved?

Nearly two months had gone since the afternoon of their first meeting in the hut. At first there had been two lessons a week, then three, then four; and now Miss Rayward had recklessly promised to meet him every afternoon during the remaining fortnight of his holiday.

Sidney's sister had ceased to lecture him on his "shocking behavior," but she had gathered information concerning Miss Rayward's existence with her relatives, and her big heart had a corner for the girl whom she had never seen—for Sidney seemed to have forgotten to renew his invitation to the hut in the wood.

As for Lydia, she had been imprisoned in dulness so long that she had taken her liberty somewhat wildly, and had certainly not given any serious consideration to the propriety of keeping frequent trysts with a young man of whom she knew nothing beyond what he told her. It was enough for her that he had known and admired her father, that he sympathized with her in music, and that he was kinder to her than any one she had ever met. At least, it was so with her till this early September afternoon, when a great change took place, or when a great change which had been taking place for weeks was suddenly realized by her.

She was resting from her brilliant efforts when Sidney said, "Do you sing, Lydia?"

"Nothing but hymns," she replied, with a smile. "Uncle Amos can't bear anything else."

"Will you look over these?" he said, handing her several manuscripts. "They aren't hymns exactly, but——"

"Oh, you have been writing songs, Frank," she cried. "How clever of you! When did you write them?"

"Since I got to know you. Don't you recognize yourself even in my poor words?"

She began to read carefully, smiling in a pleased manner, while he regarded her gravely, with the now familiar question in his mind: Was it the girl or her music that he loved?

Of a sudden he saw her pale slightly, and her smile go out like a little light. A troubled expression came upon her face, and she looked up at him wonderingly. The next moment, she bent her burning face so that he could not see her eyes.

"You don't like them?" he said, softly.

"I—I don't know—don't understand," she replied, uneasily.

"Will you take them home with you, Lydia?"

"Yes," she murmured.

For a while—a long while, it seemed—there was silence between them.

She broke it awkwardly. "I think I must be going, Mr. Sidney," she said, laying the manuscripts in her violin-case.

"Why Mr. Sidney?"

"Oh, I don't—well, then, Frank. It's getting late, isn't it?"

"I thought you told me that your aunt and uncle wouldn't be home till nine o'clock to-night, Lydia."

"Yes; but—but I was thinking of practising a little at home—just to feel what it was like for once."

"You could go on practising here till you get too hungry to wait any longer," he suggested, with a smile.

"No; I'd better go home," she replied.

"Well, if you insist on going, you must take my violin with you. I'll look after yours in the mean time."

"Oh, Frank! Really?" She was herself again. "Will you trust me with it?"

"Of course. It's a dear old violin," he said, glancing at it affectionately, "but you're its mistress far more than I'm its master. Take it with you, Lydia, and have a good time."

"I'll take such care of it. I suppose it's very valuable."

"I've been offered a hundred and fifty guineas for it."

"What a lot of money! I once had a good violin, too," she said, thoughtfully.

"But uncle had it sold with a lot of father's things. Are you sure you're not afraid to lend me yours?"

"Not a bit. And I'll see you here to-

morrow. I've got some new music for you."

"Oh, thank you. But I'm not quite sure if——"

"But you promised."

"Did I? Well, I—I'll come."

Five minutes later she was gone, and Sidney was left with the persistent question:

Was it the girl or her music that he loved?

III.

In her bedroom Lydia read and reread the songs that Sidney had given her, and as she read she smiled and wept and asked herself if the words could be true. He had written them since he had known her. Oh, perfect joy! But did he really, really mean what he had written? Oh, terrible doubt! But, above all, she cared. Oh, wonderful love! That was enough for her to-night, she told herself, blushing and laughing, paling and sighing. How could she ever face him again? Oh, sweet shame! Ah! but how long it seemed till she would see him again! Oh, dear desire! She knelt down by her bed and hid her face.

After a little, she rose and took his violin from her case—his violin! She propped up one of his songs on her dressing-table and began to play the melody, whispering the words, which she had almost learned by heart. She went through all the songs again and again. Nothing so lovely in words or music had ever been written! There was nothing else in the world that she wished to play that night. There was nothing in the world but the words and the music and the thought of him!

Her door burst open.

"Uncle Amos!" she cried, and then went speechless. For his face was terrifying.

"In my house!" he roared, his big, burly frame shaking with the wrath which he would afterward tell himself was righteous.

"Amos, Amos," said a pleading voice from the doorway. His wife was afraid.

They had just returned from a prayer-meeting with peaceful words on their lips,



Drawn by Power O'Malley.

"HER DOOR BURST OPEN. . . . HIS FACE WAS TERRIFYING."

when the tones of the violin had maddened him.

"In my house!" he repeated, glaring. And then from the girl's hands he snatched the violin, dashed it to the floor and, with his heavy foot, crushed it into a ruin of splinters.

"Now, that is the end of your fiddling," he said. "You stayed from God's house for that! Look at it, and repent!"

She did look at it, and her young face was a piteous sight. But she did not look at her uncle.

"Go downstairs, Amos," said his wife. "Leave Lydia to me. You—you were hasty."

The girl did not appear to observe her aunt. She stooped and gathered up the wreckage, and laid it carefully in her case. She took the songs from her dressing-table, where her uncle was staring at them in horror, and laid them beside the wreckage. Then she closed the case and, still without noticing either of her relations, walked out of the room. It was fully a minute ere the husband and wife realized that she had left the house.

Lydia had but one clear idea, which was that she must inform Frank of what had happened. It was after nine o'clock, and nearly four miles lay between her and Beechwood, where he was staying; but to her in her agony these were minor details. Poor child that she was, she was sure he would never forgive her; yet she felt as if she must die if she delayed her confession. So she walked quickly, and even ran.

"Lydia! Good heavens! What is it?" She had only gone half-way when she heard his voice, for he had been taking a night-walk, with his question still unanswered—

Was it the girl or her music that he loved?

"It is you!" she answered, faintly.

He peered at her face in the darkness.

"Lydia, what is the matter? You're like a little ghost."

"I was coming to tell you that I did not take care of your violin. It is broken to pieces," she said, in a voice that made him shiver.

"Don't, Lydia. I——"

"I will pay you for it as soon as ever I can. I have a little money, and I will make Uncle Amos give it to me. Here are your violin and your songs. Now, I will go——"

She swayed, but he caught her in time. He took the violin-case from her fingers and dropped it carelessly on the road.

"I will go now," she murmured.

But he only put his arm closer about her, and gazed into her white face.

And suddenly something in his heart seemed to burst, and he knew—knew, with all certainty, it was the girl herself that he loved.

"I can't let you go," he cried, softly.

"Lydia—Lydia, tell me if you can love me a little, for I love you more than all the world."

"I love you, too," she whispered.

"But——"

One cannot be kissed and speak at the same time, and it was a while ere she could continue.

"But your violin is broken to pieces," she managed to say, with a sob.

"We are not talking of violins, but of love," he replied. "Dear, you can tell me all about the violin to-morrow or the day after. You've been having trouble with those stupid old relations of yours, though—haven't you?"

"Yes, Frank. I—I was playing your violin——"

"Bother the violin, dear!" But he saw then that he must let her tell her story. "Perhaps you'd like to tell me all about it now," he said, gently.

And she did tell him all about it.

When it was over, and he had dried her eyes, and kissed them, too, he said: "Now, it's quite impossible for you to go back to Dovedale to-night. You must come with me to Beechwood, and my sister will take care of you. I'll send a message to your uncle."

"Oh, but, Frank——"

"Oh, but, Lydia, you're just coming with me."

She had to go in the end.

And when they reached Beechwood, Mrs. Marsden seemed to understand everything, and took the girl not only into her house, but also into her arms.

UPLAND SHOOTING.

BY CHARLES R. FLINT.

"It is a pleasant day, let us go kill something," was the remark, somewhat sarcastic, of a Turkish diplomat at an English house-party.

But the true sportsman in America does not favor slaughter. He enjoys the invigorating exercise of the chase, the changing scenery of hill and dale, and shoots only enough birds to satisfy the instinct, innate in us, I suppose, of the hunter. But he delights in leaving game for others and for another day.

Quite a large number of sporting-clubs, in order to avoid all incentive among their members to make large scores, recently have discarded the entry-books of game killed. They have made it understood that crack shots are not expected to brag about big bags which they have made. In this way, not only is an inducement to kill many birds removed, but the "shooter who is not a killer" is thus permitted to remain quite happy over bringing home two or three birds that may have "flown into the shot." If two or more desire to test their skill by competition, they take out a limited number of cartridges and compare results.

Shooting is a pleasure that can be enjoyed by its devotees late into the glorious autumn of life—long after the shallow amusements of the vaudeville have palled and most other popular diversions no longer divert. What a grand old sportsman was he of eighty-two autumns who, entering the Liberty Hill Club after a tramp, said, "My dog is too old; I must get a young dog." For many years he had mixed his blood with sunshine, and he showed

"How far the Gulf Stream of our youth may flow

Into the Arctic regions of our lives."

The most enjoyable, health-giving and available of hunting is upland shooting over dogs, seeking in the swales on the hillsides and in the alders of the lowlands the woodcock, that aristocrat of the dinner-table; following over the wooded hills the ruffed grouse, the partridge of the North; going from the stubble to the hillsides in search of quail, the partridge of the South,



A POINT AT WOODCOCK.

said to be so named because the ornithologist Wilson supposed it was the same bird as the English partridge.

To get the most out of upland shooting, handle your own dog, one that you are fond of—and, if you are to fancy a dog, choose one that is intelligent, alert, well trained, one that you have a right to be proud of, like the registered English prize-winners Top Gallant, Noble Chieftain and Roy, of London.

The enthusiastic sportsman finds so much pleasure in the company of such admiring, faithful friends that, without intending anything derogatory to his own species, he is tempted to exclaim, with Mme. de Staël, "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs."

What pages could be filled with the lives of the dogs I have known! The



RANGER BOY, WITH DEAD QUAIL IN HIS MOUTH.



FOLLOWING THE RUFFED GROUSE.

dog-loving sportsman can tell you of the marked characteristics of every dog he has ever owned. He loves to talk of them, because they are the reminders of happy days. Some dogs and their genealogic trees go down to history when most of those who have exclaimed, "When I ope my lips let no dog bark," have been forgotten.

The amateur sportsman who has the means and opportunity had best buy a matured dog, whose sporting education is complete, and who has style, speed and pedigree in his favor. What is desired is a dog that will be reliable in its work in the field. A few minor defects—or supposed defects—may easily be overlooked if the essential is there. A dog which might fail to obtain approval at a bench-show might, for all that, be a most excellent animal.

How thrilling to the sportsman is the spectacle of a dog pointing at the game which his keen vision and scent have detected. Macdona's Ranger, tumbling down a hill, landing on his back, comes to a dead point and holds the point in that position. Ranger Boy points from the top of a rail fence; he stands stanch with



SEARCHING THE HILLSIDE STUBBLE FOR QUAIL.

one wounded and one dead quail in his mouth while pointing a third; finding a bevy in a deep ditch, again he points, attracting the attention of the sportsman, but works quietly back so as not to frighten the birds; then, dropping a dead pheasant, he goes for a wounded one. By the way, how few dogs will retrieve a wing-tipped English pheasant! Pup Prince, after a double shot, gets one wing-broken quail in his mouth, runs after a second and puts his foot on it. Buford, the wide-ranging covey-finder, thoroughly hunts the field on both sides of the road and keeps up with a horse at a moderate trot. After finding a bevy, if not soon observed, he goes to the top of the nearest hill to attract the attention of his master, and then leads to the bevy, just as does the reporter of Sweden, a dog that finds the birds and then returns to lead the sportsman to



DOGS TO BE PROUD OF.

them. The all-round pot-hunter's dog, Trip, gets your hat and sits before you with it in his mouth, letting you know he is anxious to go hunting. The ruffed grouse will not generally lie to a dog, so when Trip gets the scent he circles around, getting the grouse between the gun and himself, or he will stand stanch while the gunner circles around the bird.

Choke-bore guns, with small gage, 16 to 28, should be used for quail. It requires much more skill to shoot with such guns, owing to the concentration of the shot, and they kill at longer distance.

Scattering a lot of shot from an open-cylinder twelve-bore into a bevy of birds, wounding many that are not retrieved, is no more creditable than any other kind of scattering.

In shooting, as in most field-sports,

hard work and the greatest enjoyment go together.

"Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share."

While we who are growing old must avail ourselves of easy methods and conditions, let us hope that Young America will "rough it"; that our youth will enter into the sport with vigor and enthusiasm, and, instead of being satisfied with the ease of the preserves, with their hen-hatched pheasants, liver-fed trout and corn-fed ducks, will be eager to match their knowledge and the trained instinct of the dog with the cunning of the game, allowing it the advantages of natural conditions.

Sportsmen throughout the country are becoming more and more interested, not only in the protection of game, but of song-birds, which add so much to the life of the woods. Game preserves facilitate game preservation, as do the laws which prevent the wholesale shipment of birds from state to state. There the sporting-dog, trained for the purpose, contributes his services as detective. He is at the railway-station and points the baggage, boxes and sportsmen's pockets which contain game-birds. He is as reliable as an X-ray.

Most of the states permit sportsmen to take out of their limits a certain amount of game. To do so has come to be recognized as good business for the people of the state where the game is shot, as the sportsman generally pays ten times as much for a bird as the market price. Nevertheless, he gets the full worth of his money—ten per cent. for the meat and ninety per cent. for the fun and for the increase of his health reserves.

A system of organized slaughter of game which has recently been inaugurated is



PRIZE-WINNERS.

alarming sportsmen. Game-dealers are fitting out shooters in large numbers who are following the game from the North to the South, and back again, giving it no rest. The superior facilities of the present day for quick communication and traveling aid in this destructive pursuit. There are fifty guns to-day where there was one forty years ago, and each gun is five times as destructive.

Before our game-birds are exterminated, there will probably be passed in all of the states laws similar to those which have recently been enacted in Connecticut, prohibiting the sale of game-birds. This seems to be the only practical way to prevent their extermination.

Let us hope that effective measures will be taken to perpetuate the life of the woods, so that the American youth of the future, stimulated and sustained by the health-giving recreation of shooting, may be a practised "rough rider" whenever his country calls.





GENERAL PLAN
SHOWING DEVELOPMENT OF THE COURTS AND BUILDINGS.

IMPROVEMENTS AT WEST POINT, U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY

GENERAL PLAN OF PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS AT THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY, SHOWING DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

THE WEST POINT OF THE FUTURE.

HOW THE ACADEMY MAY BE MADE AN INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT FACTOR IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

WEST POINT, the nation's greatest school, has reached a period of change. The growth of the country demands an increase in the number of cadets. Architectural plans of great beauty and usefulness have been prepared for new buildings, for which five millions of dollars have been appropriated by Congress.

At this point there have arisen discussions as to what the future of the United States Military Academy should be. A thoughtful contribution to the subject is from the pen of Colonel Tillman, Professor of Chemistry at West Point. He makes a clear and concise argument to the effect that the high efficiency of West Point depends upon two things—its discipline and its freedom from political influence. Increase the number of students and you will decrease the high standards of the Academy. He alludes incidentally to the contracted topographical position of West Point.

Upon clear thinking, regardless of tradition—setting aside sentiment—depends the future usefulness of the Academy. As one appreciating the great value of this school to the life of the United States, I would urge not only the increase proposed, but an even greater one, that would bring up the number of cadets to two thousand. It is possible to preserve all that Colonel Tillman holds valuable and still give the advantage of West Point training to this great number of young men. This may be done by making the regular course at the United States Military Academy proper two years, one thousand cadets entering each year. There would be a second course at a staff college of two additional years—the classes of the staff college to be made up each year by the selection of two hundred cadets from those graduating from the Military Academy.

This would accomplish the purpose of giving the splendid training of West Point

to a number of young men proportionate to the large population of the country. It would send into civil life each year eight hundred students, who had been trained in ideals of truth and integrity, and who would add a leaven of honor to the commercial life of the United States. These young men going out into the American business world would carry with them, not only the high ideals respecting truth and integrity, but their acquired methods of hard work, system and regularity.

The staff college, which would take the place of the first and second classes of the present Academy, would get the benefit of selection from a greater amount of talent than under the present system. It would be able to draw the country's best material from the thousand cadets entering annually. The incentive to obey the strict discipline, and to work hard, would not be diminished, because amongst so many young men the standard of efficiency would have to be high, if they would secure access to the staff college.

Nor would this be the only result. These eight hundred young men, going out each year into civil life, would form a trained corps of officers for the National Guard, and the military efficiency of the state organizations would be kept up by the connection of these men with the service. In the event of war, we would thus have a very large trained body of officers ready for service. It is generally recognized that the question of officering a volunteer army, such as America can furnish, is the only one that need be considered in event of sudden hostilities.

The investment in plant at West Point is to-day represented by tens of millions. It is the most magnificent location that the country affords for a school of this kind. The additional expenditure required to house two thousand cadets would be small in comparison with the whole.

Furthermore, the question of service for officers in time of peace is always a difficult one. The payment of instructors, which is the chief item of cost in our great colleges, would here be almost nothing. Not only this, the work itself is of such intellectual character as goes to the training of the officer.

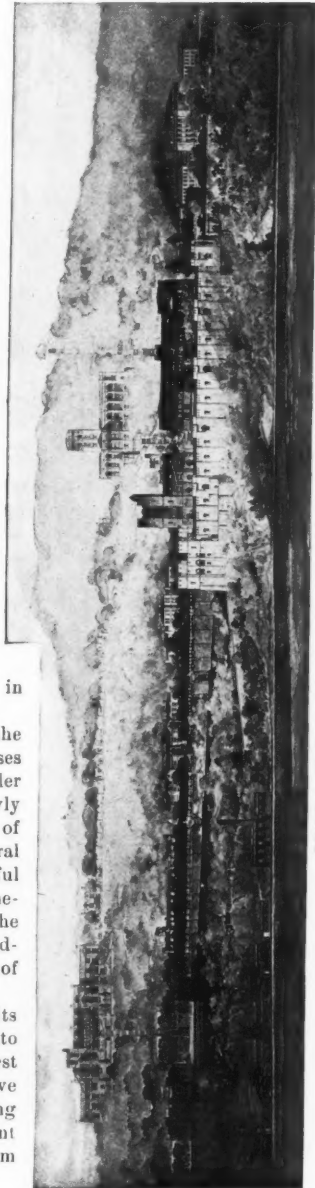
Nowhere could education of the youth of the country be conducted at such a minimum of cost. The chief perfection of the West Point system lies in its instruction of small classes—about ten to each officer. This would require the detail of perhaps three hundred additional officers; but need not in any sense be considered a difficulty.

One point more remains to be considered—the topography of West Point. The professors' houses now in existence are old and poorly built. Under any scheme of reconstruction they should be newly designed. Carrying these back to the hills west of the plain would add immensely to the architectural beauty of the place, give resident sites more healthful than at present, and with finer outlook. Nearly one-third additional space could thus be added to the plain, the increase in barracks going into a quadrangle, and, if necessary, occupying the lower part of the hill on the south.

The friends of West Point, who appreciate its splendid training, should take all these questions into careful consideration before deciding. The interest of the country at large should be held first. I believe that the United States has much to gain from turning into civil life such a great body of trained West Point men—almost as much, in fact, as it would derive from the services of its trained officers in time of war.



SECTION EAST AND WEST, THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE GROUNDS.



GENERAL VIEW OF PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS FROM THE RIVER.



OPENING BALES OF RAW JAPANESE AND ITALIAN SILK IN AN AMERICAN SILK-FACTORY.

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES. V.—THE MANUFACTURE OF SILK.

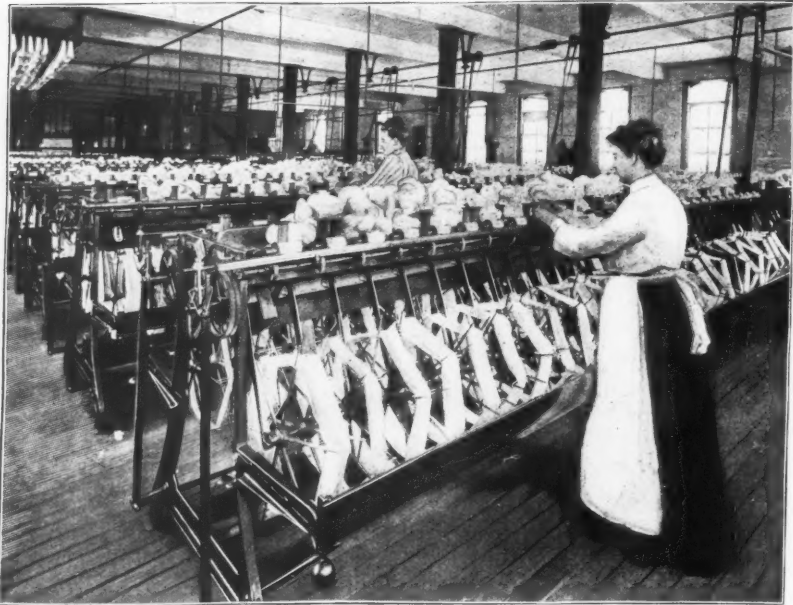
BY WILLIAM R. STEWART.

ABOUT fifty centuries ago, the Empress Se-ling-she, wife of the famous Emperor Hwang-te of China, spent most of her royal time, when not otherwise occupied in courtly duties, in taking care of silk-worms and encouraging the cultivation of the mulberry-tree. For silk was China's great export industry, and fabulous prices were paid by foreign princes and nobles for the glossy product of the primitive Oriental looms. Even as late as the beginning of the Christian era, three thousand years at least after the silk industry's origin, silk was worth its weight in gold, and the Roman Emperor Aurelian would neither use it himself nor allow his wife a single silken garment because of the great cost of the fabric.

China has still an export industry in silk. But it is only in the raw fiber wound from the cocoon of the silk-worm. The machinery of the Occident has long since taken from the slow hand-toiler of the Orient the market for the manufactured



PICKING KNOTS AND OTHER DEFECTS FROM A PIECE OF BROAD SILK.



FIRST OPERATION OF THROWING. MACHINES WINDING THE RAW SILK ON BOBBINS, OR SPOOLS

goods, cheapening their cost, so that no longer need emperors forswear their use, and even the factory-girl who helps to make them may disport herself on occasion in silken habiliments.

As in many other industries, the art of making silk goods, brought to the United States from Europe, has been so developed and improved upon here that this country now stands in the front rank in comparisons of manufacture. More raw silk is consumed in the United States than in any other country in the world; in production of finished goods the United States occupies an equal position with France, and New York city is second only to Shanghai as a raw-silk market. Except for a few fancy specialties, every style of silk goods known to the world is manufactured in the American silk-mill of today. Power-loom weaving, now universal in all silk-mills, was first introduced in this country, and copied afterward by European manufacturers.

At the present time, there are upward of five hundred and fifty active silk-manufacturing establishments in the United

States, having a capital of about one hundred million dollars, and giving employment to some seventy-five thousand wage-earners. The value of the products of these mills last year was over one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and eleven million pounds of raw silk were consumed in their making. A greater quantity of raw silk was sold during the year in New York than was consumed in the whole of France, which is the largest raw-silk consuming country of Europe.

More than any other industry, perhaps, the making of silk goods is influenced by queer vagaries of market conditions which have to be considered by the manufacturer in little less degree than the actual operation of his mills. The particular condition of the digestive organs of the silk-worms in Japan, the breeding rate of the insects in China, the general behavior of the creatures in Italy, are reported regularly by telegraph and studied almost as closely as the quotations scored by the ticker are by the broker in stocks.

The caprices of the sex which wears most of the silks have also to be watched.

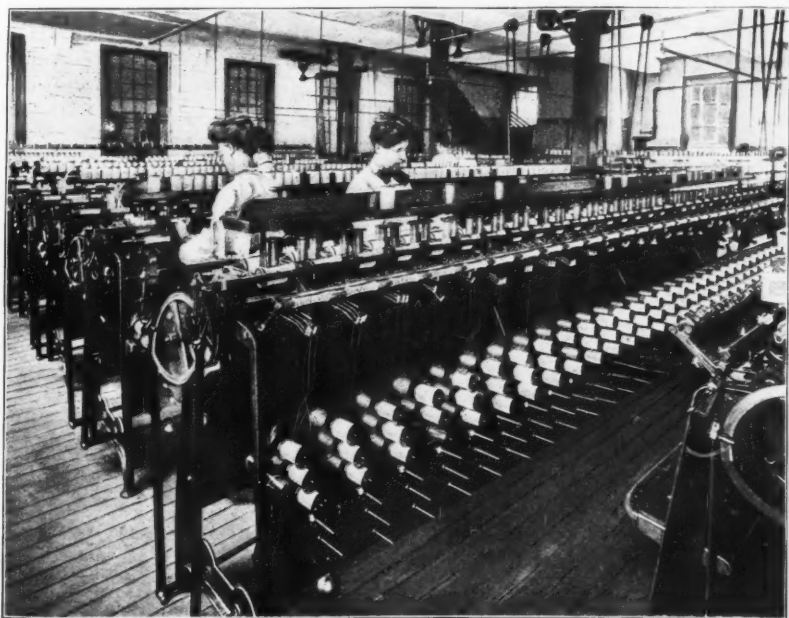
Will they next year disport themselves in satin, taffeta and gauze, to the corresponding benefit of the silk-merchant, or will it be cloth, mohair and linen, to his detriment? On the answer will depend in large measure the character of the goods that will be made. So the manufacturer keeps his eye both on the worm that makes the silk and on the butterfly that makes the fashions.

New patterns, too, must be introduced continually, for who would want a silk garment with the same design that a neighbor's has, or that others had worn long years before? To provide the feature of novelty, therefore, corps of artists are employed—ten or twelve engaged steadily in the designing-room of a single establishment—and paid high salaries to evolve new ideas in designs and coloring. Indeed, every large silk-plant in the United States is now a school of design, where scientific and technical education is taught, not only along American lines, but by means of association with artists and establishments abroad, keeping in touch with the latest progress of the world. Skilful chemists

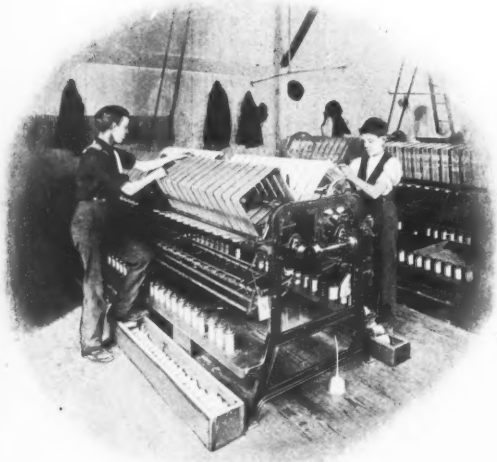
likewise are attached to these plants, whose knowledge and inventiveness come into play in the preparation of dye-stuffs for the coloring and printing.

There are silks and silks. You can pay a hundred dollars a yard—if you have the money to spare—for the finest textures, and you can get silk goods for ten cents a yard. In the latter class, the fluffy product of the cotton-plant plays a larger part than the filament of the silk-worm. Wool, too, is much used nowadays in conjunction with silk, and the yearly output of silk-mixed goods is increasing rapidly.

The growth of silk-manufacture in the United States has been very rapid during recent years. When the census of 1900 was taken, five hundred and ten establishments were reported as being engaged in the making of silk goods, and the value of their products was about ninety-three million dollars. In 1880, only thirty-five million dollars' worth of silk fabrics was made in this country, and in 1870 eighty silk-mills turned out ten million dollars' worth, only about twenty-five per cent. of the national consumption.



DOUBLERS TWISTING TWO OR MORE THREADS INTO ORGANZINE, OR TRAM SILK.



REELING THE ORGANZINE, OR TRAM, INTO SKEINS, OR HANKS, FOR THE DYER.

No raw silk is produced in the United States, and American factories depend entirely upon imports for their raw-silk material. This is because the reeling of the fiber from the cocoons has to be performed by hand-labor, the remuneration for which is too low to satisfy the average

American ambition. Reeling is a delicate process, requiring intimate familiarity and manual skill, and only skilful workers can produce uniform threads free from knots and weak spots.

Silk, the strongest and most valuable of textile fibers, is produced by the mulberry silk-moth of China, in the form of a cocoon or covering inside of which the moth lives during the chrysalis state. This cocoon is produced by the worm drawing threads from two large glands, containing a viscid substance, which extend along a great part of the body and terminate at the mouth. Before the cocoons are reeled to obtain the commercial raw silk, they are immersed in hot water to soften the natural gum on the filament.

How the silk-worm originally was carried out of China, where it was preserved as a valuable secret, was considered of sufficient moment to be recorded by traditionary legend. According to the story, the eggs of the insect and the seed of the mulberry-tree were taken to India by a Chinese princess, concealed in the lining of her head-dress, where both grew and flourished. Considering the Chinese style



WEIGHING AND LISTING THE SKEINS AS THEY COME FROM THE THROWSTER PREPARATORY TO DYING.

of coiffure, there need be no difficulty in accepting at least the plausibility of the tale. From India silk-worms found their way to Persia, though whether another princess was faithless tradition does not say. It does record the story, however, that about the year 500 two Persian monks who had lived in China and there learned the mysteries of the silk-maker's art, carried silk-worms in a hollow bamboo-cane to Constantinople, where they presented them to the emperor. From these bamboo-

was manifested at times in silk-worm culture, but though various English kings lent their royal favor, and afterward state legislatures their encouragement by premiums and bounties, the industry never amounted to much. There was a great manifestation of interest in silk about 1825. A number of societies, with learned professors at their heads, were formed in Pennsylvania and New England to promote the industry, and some Frenchmen from Lyons were engaged to teach the art



STRIPPING OR BOILING-OFF PROCESS, TO REMOVE THE ADHERING GUM.

carried moths were produced all the varieties of silk-worm which afterward stocked Europe and, for a time, America.

In 1585, the Flemings, fleeing from Spanish oppression, carried the art of silk-weaving to England, and from there it found its way to the United States. In England it never attained important proportions, that country standing only sixth in the list of silk-producing nations in Europe, and making less than six per cent. of the total European production.

In America, a good deal of enthusiasm

of managing silk-worms. At this period, American women were not accustomed, as now, to going out into the business world and battling with their brothers for a place in the industrial arena. If they desired more money than they were able to lure from the paternal exchequer, they sought out some genteel and feminine employment, into which the vulgar element of wages entered as covertly as possible. So when it was urged that silk-worms and girls were appropriately adapted to each other, and that the ladies of the royal



SEPARATION OF THE THREADS AFTER STRIPPING, BY PROCESS OF DRESSING.

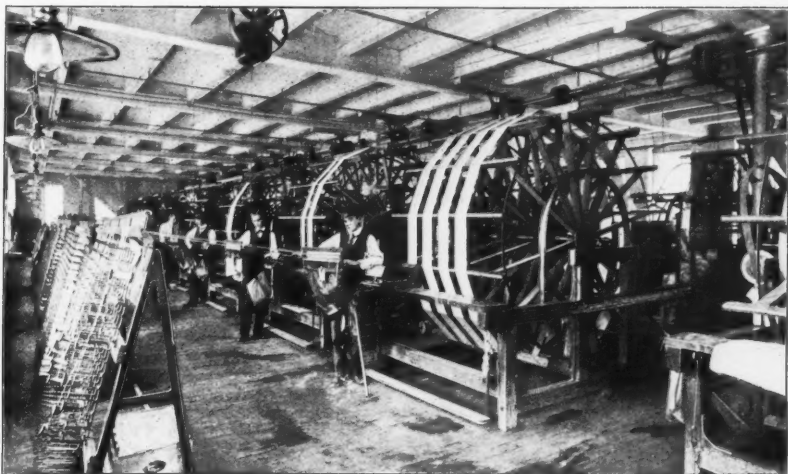
families of Europe and Asia spent hours a day at the work, a feminine demand for silk-worms was created which considerably stimulated the market for them.

This interest in silk-culture was still at its height when a disturbing element was introduced which practically marked the end of the effort to rear the silk-worm in the

United States. This was an attempt to supplant the white mulberry, on the leaves of which the worms fed, by the so-called Chinese or South Sea mulberry. Descriptions of the latter wonderful tree pervaded all the agricultural literature of the day, and speculation began which brought the prices of the trees far beyond any possible



DYEING-ROOM OF A SILK-MILL.



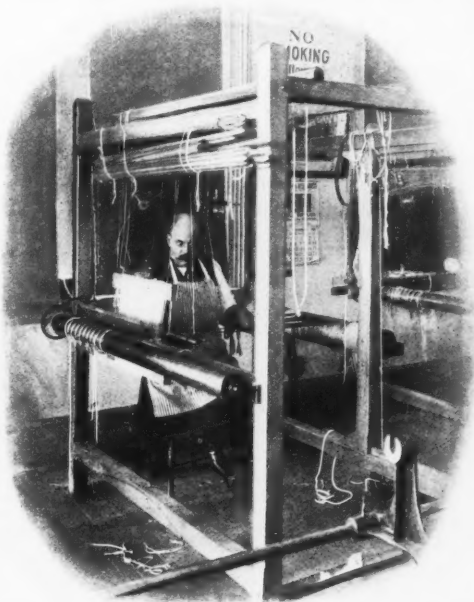
HORIZONTAL WARPERS GATHERING THREADS FROM SPOOLS FOR BROAD-SILK LOOMS.

value which the silk they might be the means of producing could have. At one time, tiny twigs sold at a dollar and a dollar and a half apiece; they brought two and three cents each after the craze subsided.

It was shortly after this, and when it began to be realized that more remunerative occupations were afforded by other lines of industry than in raising silkworms, that American capitalists set about importing the raw silk, already reeled, from Italy, Japan and China. Several mills were built, and the manufacture of broad silk and silk ribbon grew to im-

portant proportions. For a while silk-manufacture was quite an aristocratic trade, in a way. The workers were paid larger wages than in any other similar occupation, even women weavers receiving from twelve

to twenty dollars a week. Then the manufacturers took to importing weavers as well as worms, and the scale of wages fell. The price of raw silk has declined greatly from the figures formerly obtained for it. In the fourteenth century, the raw filament sold at from forty dollars to sixty dollars a pound. It is now about three dollars a pound. Thirty



ENTERING THE WARP THREADS THROUGH THE HARNESS AND REED PREPARATORY TO WEAVING.

years ago, the price was between eight dollars and nine dollars a pound. The largest proportion of the raw silk consumed in the United States comes from Japan, the progressive people of which country give close attention to the requirements of American silk-manufacturers.

Preeminently, the silk-manufacturing center of the United States is Paterson, New Jersey, whose proximity to New York city, the principal market for silk goods, and abundant water-power, give it marked advantages for the development of this industry.

Power-manufacture was first introduced in the mills at Paterson, and a large supply of laborers skilled in the hand-processes of silk-working was early attracted there from Italy and other European countries. About one-quarter of the total value of the silk products of the United States is represented by the output of the looms at Paterson.

There are two varieties of silk manufacture, reeled silk and spun or waste silk.

The latter is from injured cocoons, husks, and other wastes from reeling, and lacks much of the strength and beauty of the product from reeled silk.

The length of the thread which the silk-worm winds into its cocoon is anywhere from three thousand to four thousand yards, and to weave it in that state would require the magic fingers of a fairy. Even when eight of the cocoon threads are combined, they are only half as thick as sewing-silk. It is in this combined form

that the silk is received, in reels, at the factories, and the first mechanical operation which it then undergoes is "throwing."

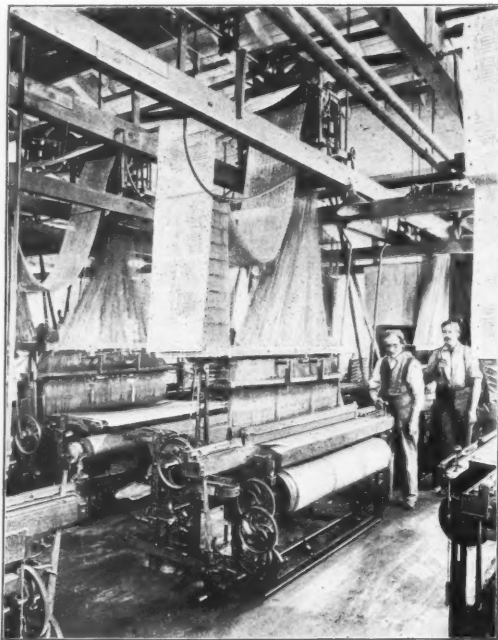
Throwing is for the purpose of twisting and doubling the raw silk into a more substantial yarn. The silk is placed on a light reel, called the swifts, and there wound on bobbins so that the fiber is laid in diagonal lines. The bobbins then are taken to a spinning-frame, where they are twisted. After being cleaned by being reeled from one bobbin to another, passing

through a slit which catches any lump on the filament, the thread is doubled on a doubling-frame. Each strand passes through the eye of a "faller," which, should the fiber break, instantly falls down and stops the machine.

The silk then is reeled into hanks and is ready for the weaver. This thrown silk is called "singles" when it consists of a single strand, "tram" or weft thread when it consists of two or

three strands not twisted before doubling, and "organzine" when two twisted strands are spun in the opposite direction to that in which they are separately twisted. The latter is the thread used for warps.

Within the past few years, the problem of spinning, doubling and twisting in one process has received much attention from throwsters, and a machine has been invented which promises a considerable saving in cost of production and also an improvement in quality. Winding-frames also have been improved so as to produce more



WEAVING BROAD-SILK FABRICS ON A JACQUARD LOOM.

perfectly wound spools at a higher speed.

The silk as it comes from the throwster is stiff from the coating of gum on its surface, and comparatively lusterless. The process of boiling off the gum is called scouring, and it is accomplished by immersing the hanks, hung on wooden rods, in great tanks of water maintained at a temperature of 195°, in which a large quantity of fine white soap has been dissolved.

The visitor to a silk-weaving factory sees a bewildering succession of spindles filled with yarns of every conceivable color and every possible tint. It is like a colored page taken from a picture-book. Bright red, blue and yellow glisten in brilliant patches in every part of the rooms, flashing out conspicuously from the more subdued and darker hues. The imparting of these colors to the threads is the last stage of the preparation of the silk for the weaver.

The operation of weaving the silk to form the various kinds of silk goods does not differ in principle from the weaving of cotton goods, which was described in the July number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. As in the case of cotton, the development of the power-loom within the past few years has resulted in the complete superseding of the old-time hand-loom. Not only has the power-loom effected a great saving of labor, with a consequent reduction of



EXAMINING THE FABRICS FOR DEFECTS.

expense, but by ingenious mechanical devices, all operating automatically, it has made possible many marvelous operations not before attempted. There is now hardly any limit to the number of weaves which may be produced on a single loom.

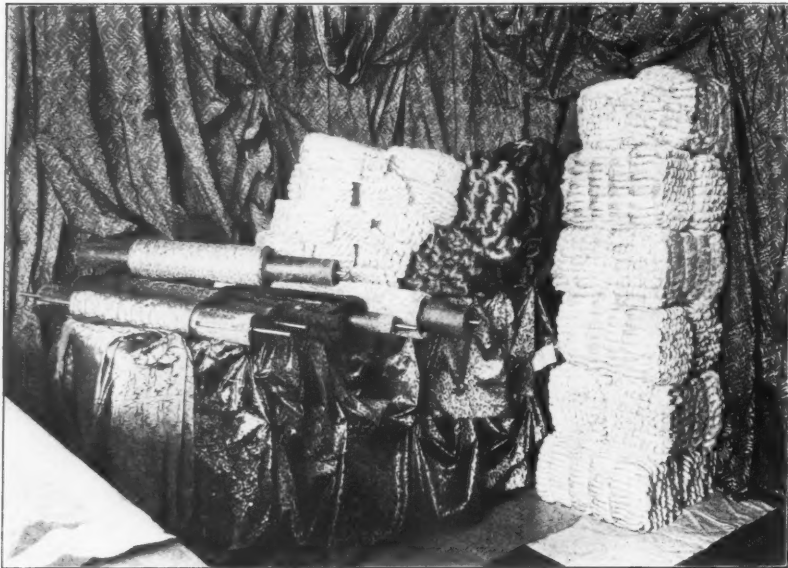
Designs are formed while weaving in this manner: An outline of the figure which it is desired to reproduce in the textile is drawn on a card, which is marked off into fine squares, each square representing a thread. Great accuracy is observed



BLOCKING-ROOM, WHERE RIBBONS ARE ROLLED FOR SHIPMENT.

in this, so that the operator may mathematically puncture the cardboards of the loom. From the loom the different-colored threads are led in to play their part at the proper time and in the desired number. The threads come lengthwise if the design is to be made by the warp, crosswise if by the woof. Damasks are made in the latter way, the wrong side showing the negative of the design which appears on the face of the texture. In this operation the threads of the warp receive, by a ratchet movement, the impulsion of an equal number of needles, the

cutting metal, the operation being called polishing. Other kinds, in order that their nap may be taken away, are singed by a mixture of air and gas, burning at a rate of about a thousand cubic meters an hour. White satin is passed on rollers three times before a long row of illuminating-gas jets. Afterward, "pinching" is performed, the threads which come out on the wrong side of the texture being pulled out by a machine. The light textiles are "scoured," to take out any spots that may have been produced in the course of manufacture. The figured brocades and lami-



SILK IN ALL ITS STAGES. BUNDLES OF RAW SILK, THROWN SILK AND DYED SILK, AND WOVEN GOODS.

points of which are grazed by cardboards pierced with holes which revolve on a cylinder. If the needles meet the holes, they pass through and thus call the threads into play. If, on the other hand, they are stopped by the smooth part of the card, they remain motionless. Swivel embroidery-looms, now in use in American silk-factories, have three banks of swivel shuttles, so that as many as three different colors may be put in each figure at will.

After the goods leaves the loom, it receives additional treatment before it is ready for the wholesale merchant. Certain classes of goods are smoothed on blades of

nated silks are produced by particular processes in the weaving.

The American weaving-mill of to-day is a many-sided establishment. It makes not only pure silk goods, but mixtures of silk and wool and silk and cotton and spun-silk fabrics. It produces warp prints of all descriptions and printed goods in great variety, plain silks and "fancies," lightweight goods such as chiffons and mousselines, and the heaviest curtain and upholstery silks, dress silks, linings, trimmings, ribbons, goods for the cloak, necktie and millinery trades, for umbrellas and parasols, and for many other uses.

HOW TO LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME.

BY FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON.

ON a final analysis, the problem of how to live within your income depends on the force of your moral nature—on your ability to sacrifice personal desires to fixed principles defined by the relation of your available funds to the cost of what you want. It has nevertheless seemed to the writer that the reason why so many persons fail signally to solve this most essential problem is because, first of all, it is not generally understood to be almost entirely a woman's problem, and next, because the science involved is either ignored or misapplied in consequence of women not having a sound philosophy of living. Significant of the first cause of failure in this matter are some statistics got from a Western state-prison. A temperance organization made a canvass of the convicts of this institution, inquiring what, in their opinion, had brought them into prison. It was expected that the answer would demonstrate the influence of drink in promoting crime. But the result showed that, while a comparatively small percentage of the men traced their downfall to drink, a very great proportion—about sixty-nine per cent.—stated that they were led to commit crime by the extravagance of their wives. Other interesting statistics to the point of this matter are supplied by the latest official report on bankruptcy in the United States. During the year 1900, twenty-one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight petitions in insolvency were filed. The greatest number of a particular class of men—over one-third—thus stigmatized by debt were wage-earners. Business complications may explain why a merchant or manufacturer goes into bankruptcy. But in prosperous times the debts of the wage-earner are not thus explained. The process by which the wage-earner makes his money is a simple one. The only outlay for which he is responsible is in what it costs him to live. Insolvency on his part, therefore, would seem to indicate desperately ill-regulated domestic economy. It would seem to indicate that the wives of workmen are responsible for the insolvency of this class of men.

In figuring out that if a man does not live within his income his wife is probably at fault, I am perfectly sure that I do women no injustice. My own experience as a housewife has taught me that one-half the miseries of married life and most of its sorrows might be averted by women acquiring a sense of moral accountability to business law in the marriage relation. I have therefore in mind, not to recite a category of women's shortcomings in this respect, but rather to impress upon them how important in its economic consequences is the office of a mere wife.

Recognizing the bearing of this office upon business interests, the wise woman will first of all consider the economic aspect of a husband. She will, happily for herself and in the interests of society, consider this before she has got a husband of her own. Contemplating marriage, she will question, What is the probable earning capacity of this man whom I adore and wish to join in wedlock? She will take his present income and calculate how far it will go to cover the cost of living of five units of consumption—the consuming power of the average American family. She will set before her in black and white the amounts available for food, clothing, rent, light, fuel and incidentals, and she will, by a mental test, estimate what personal sacrifice the equation involves and whether or not the plan is possible, reckoning human nature as she knows it in herself, and making much allowance for a future increase of income as the man's interests, ability and present circumstances in all reason seem to warrant. The element of personal sacrifice enters always into the problem of living within one's income. But when the solution compels buying five cents' worth of bread to give to hunger requiring twenty-five cents' worth of bread for satisfaction; when it compels spending one dollar to apply to small cold feet needing four dollars' worth of shoes and stockings to cover—when so on through the whole range of human necessities the difference between these and available funds is net want—cruel, creature want

entailing physical, mental, moral degeneration—nothing on earth justifies the attempt to work out such a problem, if it can be grasped before the actual situation existing eliminates the possibility of rubbing it off one's slate. If, therefore, a woman finds that a prospective husband is not mathematically reducible to dollars and cents sufficient to sustain a family of five, she has no moral right to incur the economic confusion, the social disaster, which marriage in such instance portends. This is not a sordid view of matrimony—it is plain common sense, ignoring which, the sin, the crime, committed, no grand passion can sublimate or even palliate.

Nor let a woman contemplating marriage be deluded by the vague, poetic and quite generally accepted notion that the wife succeeds in being a man's "helpmeet" by the pure exercise of abstract virtue—that if she loves her husband and her God she will so economize her husband's money as to lay up his income in the bank by the same sort of ability which she uses to lay up treasures in heaven. Fostering this absurd notion is much so-called art and science paraded one way and another to-day, ostensibly to serve home and women's interests. If I gave a name to this propaganda of addled facts and fancies, I should call it one of chints art and shinbone science. Woman's corners in daily papers, and the whole of many woman's magazines, as well as clubs, college courses even, are given over to describing how a true woman may take a few old barrels and soap-boxes and by the aid of several yards of chints and the loving touch of a gentle hand produce furniture sufficient for a Christian home. Also, by procuring a few shinbones of beef, with the magic of a kerosene-lamp or a gas-oven, the same true woman may produce succulent dishes that will feed a family of ten and make porterhouse steak and lamb chops seem not only sinfully wasteful but tasteless by comparison. The effect of which propaganda of domestic art and science is upon the average unthinking woman's mind to create the impression that all she needs, to marry a poor man and be happy ever after, is a proper spirit of devotion and submission which will be content with marvels in chints and miracles of shinbones. Yet

experience will painfully demonstrate to the woman that never out of the depths of any degree of submission is she able to bring the price of the few yards of chints not to be dispensed with in making a home beautiful, nor on the heights of the most sublime devotion will she find even shinbones growing, thus abolishing the fixed money basis of things, governed inexorably by economic law, which the most virtuous and frugal woman is bound to encounter in matrimony.

That women in general need instructing on the economic status of their duty as wives, is on every hand apparent, but experience has taught me that a wife having knowledge of the science illuminating her domestic way will still make little progress toward a happy solution of the income problem, unless she have in her understanding a clear practical answer to the sphinx riddle, What is man and what is life? William C. Whitney, once asked by a newspaper man, "To what do you attribute your success in life?" replied, "If I have succeeded, I think it must be because I have applied myself to the important things of life and let the unimportant things go."

To determine the important things of life from the point of view of the business man is an easy task compared with that which falls to the lot of the wife, who has not only the household to secure, but who in every cent she spends or saves, in every step she takes, is shaping the mental, moral and spiritual well-being, the temporal and eternal welfare, of her children, her husband and herself. Therefore, without a clear, ready notion of what is the scope and purpose of human life, she will constantly be involved in confusion, that will not alone frustrate the higher ends she seeks, but will also result in business confusion and money loss. Economy, therefore, demands that she order her household in the sight of God. Under her foundation of science, she must have the rock of a sound religion defining man as a soul and body destined to know, serve and love God to the end of being happy with him in heaven; or in the countless questions of economy that daily present themselves as to social position, occupation, schools, amusements—what to do in this

instance and in that—questions on which money saved or money spent always hinges—she will be utterly without a simple test of right, by which these matters are prudently to be settled. To be sure, a pious intention, without a knowledge of science, will serve the interests of pure economy little better than science that has not the right of revelation, but I have lived to know that the fact that the mean, bread-and-butter problem of living within one's income often assumes an all but hopeless aspect save as one has a firm religious belief, operating as a sort of court of last resort in adjusting the money details of a policy of right living.

As to the science bearing on the question of living within one's income, my experience is that the kind souls, bent on enlightening my silly sex, tell me too much of that which embarrasses me and not enough of what I really need. I am stuffed like a goose for Christmas with the science of nutrition, of sanitation, of hygiene, but of the science of political economy as it bears on the home and family no one tells me anything, except as some fearful lady lecturer or lady essayist sets forth that in order to have any proper and profitable relations with political economy I must come out from my home and have no family. That the mere wife in the discharge of the mere domestic duties of her office, quite aside from the execution of any "higher" aims, has to deal with a straight business proposition, irrevocably subject to the control of business law—how many women are taught this?—and in their conduct of affairs how many are accordingly governed? Yet the wife is put in a position in the family where she engages in the production of wealth and has therefore as direct, independent connection with the sphere of economics as has the manufacturer or the laborer. The sole difference is this: The wife must always consider a certain fourth dimension of economy—must have regard for the higher ends involved in her business transactions—the mental, moral and spiritual well-being of the human factors entering into the problem which is proposed to her. This devolves upon her out of the nature of the product she engages to turn out, which is, in a word, a home—something more than

shelter and subsistence for the family, something which converts economic units into sources of national strength.

The wife's contribution to strict economic ends is accomplished as she increases production by diminishing the cost of living; as she increases the efficiency of labor by properly sustaining the health of the family; as she stimulates production, increasing at once the consuming and producing power of the nation, by bearing children. Available for the purposes of her industry, the wife has in the first instance these elements of production—the husband's income, her own labor, and a certain form of the entrepreneur's contribution to wealth, contained in her office of organizing and directing the home. Her first step in active business is, like the manufacturer's, the erection and equipment of her plant. She must have the brick-and-mortar features of a home, a house, furnished with what is essential to carrying on her work. The elements of cost of production—the possible gains, the probable losses—involving in the selection and equipment of a house, women cannot possibly realize and cannot therefore intelligently heed, save as they have knowledge and respect for the principle of economic science. An error of calculation at this point is responsible for wholesale confusion and widespread failure in trying to live within a given income. Stern business law governs in this matter and a contrite heart or any other spiritual magic will work no miracle in debts dishonored, if this essential matter be disregarded.

The manufacturer erecting a plant for his industry does not merely consider whether the cost of buying or renting comes within his means. He will figure on how the cost of transportation of his raw material and of his marketable product affects the cost of his production. He will consider the availability of labor, and whether wages are favorable to his venture in a given locality. These are but a few of the many careful inquiries he will make before taking the initial step of locating his plant. In the selection of a home, good business on the part of the wife demands an identical survey of the elements of cost entering into the occupancy of a house. The price paid for a house

expresses little or nothing of the actual expense fixed by its location, and general suitability to the particular necessities of the occupant. What does it involve in cost of car-fare? Is it so placed in relation to markets that the cost of living is not increased either by expense of delivering goods, or by removal from the benefit of competition afforded by accessibility to central supply-points? Is domestic labor available, and at what wages? Is the neighborhood such as to define a standard of living beyond the means the husband's income affords?

All these questions require to be known definitely, if the wife's business is to succeed. No single category of cost so largely determines the whole matter of the cost of living as that embracing the economic advantages and disadvantages pertaining to the location of the home. I cannot hope to go into an analysis of all the features of a home as they appear considered from the point of view of economic science, nor is it necessary, to make clear in what manner the wife must treat the business proposition which her domestic office presents for her solution. Let her but establish in her own mind the one fact that nothing which pertains to material things is separable from money cost, and her own reason will compel her to know this cost and consider it with reference to her resources in all her domestic operations. On just one point does the average wife need to be warned; that is, in estimating cost with reference to her own labor, whether manual or managerial, in the household. This I do not urge for the sake of securing to women economic rights, nor the modern woman's proud boast of economic independence, but rather to the end of avoiding much confusion and indefinite money loss experienced in the family in consequence of ignoring this matter. The servant question I have found to proceed primarily from the habit of counting the unpaid labor of wives as having no economic value. Also I have found that failure to estimate properly the economic value of this same unpaid labor is at the bottom of the moral, social and industrial errors which result from women construing economic independence of their sex as realized only by their assumption of men's work.

What is commonly taught women under the head of household economics looks one-sidedly to the increase of the efficiency of labor. The applied sciences of nutrition, sanitation, hygiene and improved art in house-furnishing and cooking, have all the effect of making a man better able to work—*other things being equal, however*. In general, the course of action that these various educational movements recommend to women, is at fault for want of proper consideration of the cost involved. Thus the modern dutiful housewife comes to stand in this absurd relation to the business in hand. She assumes a certain standard of living to be indispensable, and proceeds to establish it with little or no reference to her available wealth. Then when the bills come in fearfully beyond the husband's income, the same good wife, from a pinnacle of virtue, weeps copiously, and honestly believes that it is because the world is cold and hard and creditors cruel—not because she is without adequate intelligence in a simple matter—that her loving heart is without the price of its profound devotion to her family's happiness. A new type of wife is even less satisfactory in this extremity. She takes to a platform of woman's rights, and if, when she has satisfied the laws of household art and science as laid down at her club, the husband's income is less than the cost of her efforts, then, forsooth, it is the husband who is at fault. He must make more money. The number of honest men who go wrong under the spur of this philosophy of the housewife-up-to-date would, I think, if the matter were properly investigated, bear striking proportions to the membership of what-not woman's reform organizations promoted in the interests of the higher (?) development of the sex.

For the assistance of women who have the disposition, but lack the intelligence, necessary to live within their husband's income, there is an economic law which I have found of particular benefit to know. This is a law bearing on the proportional expense of living. It contains four distinct propositions:

First. That the greater the income the smaller the relative percentage of outlay for subsistence.

Second. That the percentage of outlay for clothing is approximately the same whatever the income.

Third. That the percentage of outlay for lodging or rent and for fuel and light is invariably the same.

Fourth. That as the income increases in amount, the percentage of outlay for sundries becomes greater.

Knowledge of this law will assist the housewife in this way: It discloses to her that a fixed relation governs her expenditures, beyond the power of religion or remorse to change. It affords her a mathematical notion of the proportional demand which the invariables of expense make upon an income, and explodes finally the poetic idea that any spasm of virtue on her part can effect this after she has erred in expense incurred for the variables. It is these variables of expense in which women go astray. They cover education, public worship (church, charity), legal protection, care of health, comfort, mental and bodily recreation—incidents of living which human nature is prone to regard as so essential that in the average woman's mind the problem is, which of these to command first; whereas economic law compels that we shall first consider, what part of all these we can pay for, after we have met the cost of rent, fuel, food, light and clothing. A report of the United States Department of Labor on the cost of living—Seventh Annual Report: Volume II.—discloses that according to the law governing proportional expenditures in the United States, the percentages with reference to the average income, which is put at twelve hundred dollars, are thus defined:

	Per cent.
Rent	14.47
Fuel	4.90
Lighting	1.00
Clothing	15.26
Food	42.25
All other purposes	22.12

This statement takes no cognizance of the cost of household labor, which must be included in the percentage available for all purposes other than rent, fuel, light and clothing. Investigation has further shown that in the instance of incomes

above twelve hundred dollars the percentage for food has a tendency to diminish somewhat, and that the amount available for all other purposes increases directly as the income increases. Below an income of twelve hundred dollars, the tendency is toward fifty per cent. spent for food, and the amount available for "all other purposes" is as low as five per cent. in the instance of the day-laborer. The practical good I have got from knowledge of this law and the facts of its application is this: It corrects the equations I am constantly led to establish under the influence of educational movements such as I have described, which cause me to have first of all the determination to possess certain good things of life, and afterward when the bills come in, to count the cost. The proportional expenditures of the average income being economically correct, inasmuch as they define cost of living with reference to what the history of labor shows to be actually necessary to life, I therefore am careful first of all to provide for the invariables of expenditure, and I furthermore am mindful of the proportion governing between these and the amount available for other things than strict necessities. I do not obligate myself for rent that is twenty-five or thirty per cent. of my husband's income, as I might in ignorance be tempted to do, nor do I permit indulgence of the whims of the family palate to cause me to make an expenditure for food equal to the workingman's percentage, for I know that under the law governing this matter I shall then have to suffer the limitations of the workingman's percentage for such good things as church, charity, education; such needful, disagreeable yet dear necessities as lawyers and doctors; such pleasures as my mind and body crave. In a word, science has given me an economic law for my guidance which puts me in possession of wisdom which others have developed by a more or less painful experience.

That the devoted wife finds it possible to spend all her husband's income on one or two necessities of life and many absurdities, leaving such obstinate demands as, say, fuel, light and clothing without adequate provision, is explained only by the vicious convenience of credit stores and

all credit systems which undue competition in trade, rather than actual credit and legitimate dealings, have established. In the weakness of mother-nature the wife reckons the pleasant, the eminently desirable things of life as sheer necessities for her children. She will deprive herself, perhaps, but the children must have a certain kind of food, a certain sort of school, a certain degree of amusement, a certain class of associates. So she is driven to "charging" all that she cannot pay for, and once starting on this method, the discrepancy between what she must have and what she can pay for constantly grows greater. I recall recently visiting a woman who, driven by debt to close her house in Washington, conceived the idea of taking her children, aged twelve and fourteen, abroad to study French. Just previous to her departure, she came down in her drawing-room to see me, and apologized for her appearance, saying she was sewing herself neatly to death to do a lot of dressmaking before sailing. "But," I said, "why do you not get your dresses abroad? I am told it is cheaper." "Yes," she rejoined, with a pious air, "but it is costing Mr. — so much to send us over I feel that I must get all we shall need here where I can charge things, because over there we shall have to pay money, you know."

Another wife told me lately that she found it so utterly impossible to live within the allowance her husband could make her, that she had "just had to insist on having an account at the — dry-goods store in order to make ends meet." This I believe to be fairly indicative of the way many a good wife seeks to be a help to her husband in money matters. Then, when the world or her husband takes her to account for such economic methods, she calls heaven to witness that she has done her sacred duty to her children; and her mothers' clubs support her in this.

For the aspiring woman to bring her "higher aims" down to the limitation of the amount of money her husband has forthcoming, compels much self-sacrifice, often serious, painful, bitter; for mothers, the hardest sort, vicarious—the sacrifice of some dear, pressing interest of the family as a unit or of the several children. But the gain of

remaining economically true in this position is always great. For one thing, liberty is secured—the independence of soul and body known never by the man or woman who is habitually in debt. In this connection appears the reason why a clear religious purpose is in the beginning necessary if the problem of living within one's income is to be solved, though the benefits of this method of going about the problem are not confined to spiritual advantages. The clear head and the stout heart which living within one's income insures, as compared with the power of higher education or the refined and elevated society possible to be acquired by a credit system tending to insolvency, provide the personal forces that work wonders in getting on in life. So that having an income which in honesty compels us to deny our children to-day does not mean, therefore, a perpetual limit put upon the good, the pleasant things of life. It means, on the contrary, provision for future enjoyment—nor is the future that which only death and heaven are to realize for us. Neither need women fear that having first of all regard for the economic necessities, is to make life a sordid concern. It compels, no doubt, stricter and more painful attention to the doing of mean things, and less grandiloquent assertion of how these should be done. It orders that wives, many of them, should cook and sew at home, instead of going abroad reading papers on the science of nutrition or investigating sweat-shops. It means hard work, hard thinking—but not hard hearts, for surely nothing on earth so hardens the heart, so dulls the mind and spirit, of man or woman, as to be living on a hundred-dollar basis with only ninety-nine cents incoming to pay the bills. It seems to me that one result of the so-called "higher" education of our sex has been to develop our intellects at the expense of our understanding. While we are absorbed in the principles of many sciences, the particulars of mere living are ignored, and for women to apply their reason and their will to the hard fact of the money problem as experienced by individual families, is to reclaim many a man from much evil, and altogether to increase the wealth of society and improve its moral tone.

STRENGTH IN WOMEN'S FEATURES.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

AT the present time there is a positive craze among our people for strength or for an appearance of strength. "Be healthy" is the cry of everybody to everybody else. Physical and mental powers are worshipped with a passion which recalls the days of ancient Greece when beauty and strength were regarded as identical. And nowhere is the cult of strength more sedulously cherished than among women. This in itself is a good thing, even though it represents an extreme attitude such as will not be maintained for very long. It is the swing of the pendulum of fashion, a reaction from the unnatural absurdity of the Early Victorian Age of some sixty years ago, when "the genteel young female," as she used to be called, had to be "delicate" in order to be admired. And so she pinched her waist and shielded her complexion from the sun, and was ashamed of showing any appetite for food, and made herself interesting by having fainting-fits and hysterics whenever anything went wrong. Nowadays that sort of young woman is extinct; and we have in her place the hail-fellow-well-met type—the cycling girl, the golfing girl, the yachting girl, the girl who drives a motor-boat, who eats like a coal-heaver, drinks "high-balls" and carries a cigarette case in the pocket of her Norfolk jacket. This type, too, will pass away when the fashion changes and still another kind of girl acquires vogue; but just now "strength" is the watchword, the keynote, of contemporary femininity.

This fashion has affected not only the physical standards of the time, but its moral standards also. Women are pining to be described as "strong characters"; and they are setting up an altogether false ideal of what strength of character in a woman really means. The mistake—the deadly old mistake—is made of assuming that woman should be developed morally as well as physically on lines that are strictly masculine. But just as it is not necessary for a girl to be a horse-breaker

or a pugilist to show that she has strength of body, so she need not mold her character after the model which is afforded by a forceful man. Very many of the sex imagine that to be mannish is the same thing as to be manly; and they entirely forget that what manliness is to men, that must womanliness be to women. When each sex cultivates and develops those traits and attributes which are peculiarly its own, the result is strength—a different kind of strength in each, but in each the kind that is most desirable and most nearly perfect. Yet so many women single out for imitation the qualities which may be necessary to a man, but which in a woman are not only quite unnecessary but wholly odious. Audacity, aggressiveness, self-confidence and push are admirable masculine traits—in a man. They are essential to the sort of success which he must seek; and besides, in him they are modified and controlled by other attributes. When a woman seeks to cultivate them, just because she likes them in a man, she does so at the expense of other and, to her, far more valuable elements of character, and even then they fail her and defeat her purpose. Each sex has its own gifts, its own weapons, its own resources, and each should be content with what it has and should give over borrowing from the other. The world has little use for Harold Skimpoles on the one hand, while on the other, a single Mrs. Carrie Nation is enough.

It may not be amiss, therefore, to consider what are the elements of strength in woman's character, and how these elements are essentially identical with womanliness. A second question, and one that is very interesting, is that which has to do with the external physical indications of strength in woman.

It is an old saying that woman's weakness is her surest source of strength. Like most old sayings and ancient aphorisms, this contains only a half-truth. But it is true so far as concerns the influence of woman over man. It is not to the

browbeating, dominant, pushing, nagging sort of female that he will ever yield anything at all. Why has the movement for woman's suffrage failed throughout the country as a whole? Simply because it is and has been almost wholly in the hands of the brawling, noisy, homeless shriekers, who are always holding "congresses" and denouncing the tyrant man, and who have been making a holy show of themselves for fifty years. And yet they have not got anywhere, and they never will. They can pass resolutions and bore legislative committees for another century, and no one will take them seriously. But if the sweet-faced, gentle-voiced women of a million homes should ever really wish to vote and should say so, they would get the right within a twelvemonth. It has been so with regard to other things. Women wanted to engage in business on an equality with men, and to-day there are hundreds of thousands of business women, respected, self-supporting, and exciting no comment whatsoever. They wanted the privilege of the higher education, and to-day they are enjoying it. They have made their way in art and in literature and in the professions, and no one begrudges them their success. But they did not howl about it. They simply asked for it and used a quiet, womanly persistency, and the thing was done. I never heard of any "congresses" being called in order to accomplish these changes which have tacitly revolutionized society. Women's "weakness" was here indeed their strength.

Perhaps, however, this paradox is not so paradoxical as it appears. What the unsexed woman, who pays the tyrant man the compliment of imitating him, calls weakness, is in reality another form of strength. It is made up of patience, persistency and sensibility; and out of these is woman's strength compounded. In patience woman far surpasses man, and what he wins by warring she wins by waiting: for to one who waits all things come round at last. Persistency is but another form of constancy, and constancy is another trait which is peculiarly a woman's. To be true, to stand fast, to endure until the end and not lose sight of the object that is set before her and the treasure which she cherishes above all else

—that again is woman's gift. Sensibility means and includes a score of things—instinct, the feeling for the right thing at the right time, the recognition of the means by which the end can be attained, discretion, tact, yes, and sincerity—all these are rooted in that finely exquisite sensibility which often goes swift-paced before the slower processes of reason, and which both charms and startles the uninspired mind of man. And in it also is the emotional quality, the fire of temperament, which uncontrolled is so tremendous for either good or evil, but which when reined in by the hand of patience works with surpassing power for good. The foolishly misguided woman who does her best to trample out this wonderful quality and to substitute for it that hardness which she falsely thinks to be the secret of a man's success, is giving gold for brass, a tempered weapon for a clumsy club, a magic spell for a quack's prescription.

The strength of a woman's character is written in her face. If the brow be broad and not too high—the forehead of George Eliot and George Sand—it is the mark of thought, of concentration, of persistency. A forehead which is noticeably high, and which the hair does not in part conceal, denotes more ideality but less practical capacity—a too great fondness for details, a tendency to think too much of obstacles, and to delay when the time arrives for action. The darker shades of hair are more indicative of strength than are the lighter ones, and this applies especially to reddish tints. The blonde type pure and simple is inferior in respect to strength when contrasted with the composite, though in a certain kind of obstinacy it may be often more conspicuous. Blue eyes in a man—unless they be a china-blue—are the eyes of those who rule; but this is not so with women, denoting rather sweetness of disposition and amiability, but with a lack of depth and also of sincerity. Eyes of a bluish-gray, however, the color to which the Romans gave the name of *cæsius*, show will and force, but they usually mark a nature that is cold, or, if they be quite pale, a nature that is cruel. Black eyes, especially when the lids are heavy or a little slanting, are the eyes of sensuality. Brown eyes lack depth

and they mean sentimentality rather than sentiment. The eye of greenish-gray—of which we can never be quite sure whether it is green or gray—is the finest eye of all in its character indication. It is the eye of truth, of sincerity, of constancy and of courage. Large eyes are beautiful from a poet's standpoint; yet they go with a lack of intellectual force. They seem "soulful," but they are usually selfish. Markedly small eyes, on the other hand, indicate greed and cunning. They are "pig's eyes." If set very close together, they indicate power of concentration but reveal a somewhat petty nature, incapable of taking a broad view of anything. If wide apart, they indicate a sense of form, and some of the artistic traits; yet the person who has them is likely to be conceited, impracticable, and somewhat aloof and unsympathetic.

A large nose in a man is the nose of a potential hero; but in a woman it is not only a blemish upon beauty, but the index to a character that is either commonplace or fatuous. A long nose suggests meanness at the worst, or at the best a prying disposition. A very short nose denotes the scatterbrain and one whose memory is defective. The *nez retroussé* goes with a fun-loving nature, but one of no great force. A flat nose means selfishness. Indeed, the best nose for a woman is the nose that does not lead you to notice it at all—one that is straight and well formed and of a size in proper proportion to the face itself.

A whole volume, indeed, might be written of the mouth as an index to character. But the strong mouth in woman is the sensitive one, rather large, the lines even, with no droop at the corners, the lips neither thin nor full, but with a curve below the underlip and between it and the chin. Such was the mouth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—though it was almost the exaggeration of a type; for no artist ever dared to depict it quite as it looked, resembling, says Julian Hawthorne, a gash rather than a mouth. Here strength and efficiency were fully indicated at the expense of beauty. The "rosebud mouth," and the mouth that is often compared to Cupid's bow, are pretty rather than beautiful; and they tell of shallowness instead of

strength. The former may be compatible with obstinacy and mulishness, but these two traits have nothing in common with that wise firmness which is one of the elements of strength.

A woman with marked dimples is not often a woman who is noted for strength of mind, and this is perhaps the greatest difference that one finds in comparing the physiognomy of a woman with that of a man. For nearly every man who attains distinction is one whose chin displays a dent. If this be well defined, it means ambition, force and the power of compelling. If it be so deep as to be a cleft rather than a dimple, it means harshness, coldness and potential cruelty. In a woman's face, however, the dimple or its absence is not significant at all, so far as strength of character is concerned. The chin itself should project to a point a little beyond the extremity of the lips. A receding chin, of course, in man or woman, is a sign of weakness, of self-indulgence and of defective tenacity.

Not less important than the face are the hands. Indeed, the hands are marvelous in their revelation of character and temperament. Whatever one may think of palmistry as a means of foretelling what one is to experience, there can be no manner of doubt that the study of the hand can show precisely what one *is*. Hence the impression which a skilful palmist makes upon his client. After you have been told of your tastes, habits and disposition with perfect accuracy, you are quite ready to accept as true the prophecies which relate to your future life. But so far as strength goes, the best hand is the hand which combines the psychic and the practical elements. The fingers should not be noticeably long, yet they should not be blunt and spatulate. The thumb should be of a good length, however, this denoting will-power. If it bends back to an unusual degree, it means duplicity. The "feel" of the hand as it clasps another is almost enough in itself to declare the presence or absence of strength. A flabby, pulpy hand, or a clammy, sticky hand, should put you on your guard against its owner. A limp collection of fingers placed in your palm and left there for you to hold or drop just as you please, may suffice to

show that strength is absent from the character of her who greets you thus. The firm, warm, even clasp that meets yours frankly and fearlessly and that sends a magnetic thrill through yours—that is the clasp of a hand whose whole message is one of vitality and power.

The woman of ideal strength of character may be, on the whole, described as having these essential features: A head well poised upon a neck that is rather short and full; hair that is dark (not often black) and fine, and growing rather low upon the forehead; eyebrows that are slightly arched and almost meeting; eyes of a greenish-gray, and neither large nor small, with lids that open frankly; ears well set close to the head and not particularly small; an inconspicuous nose; a mouth of generous size that looks as though it could either smile or quiver at a word; a well-curved chin that is neither projecting nor retreat-

ing, and a skin of which the texture should be of the kind called "thin," and which goes with the sanguineous rather than the lymphatic temperament.

When one sums up this description, it will be seen that its chief point is its general harmony, a balance rather than a stress. And very naturally so, since it is the balanced character that is the strongest, especially in women. For as every virtue is at each extreme a vice, so it is with the elements which go to make up strength in feminine character. Excess of patience becomes poorness of spirit. Excess of persistency becomes forwardness. Excess of sensibility becomes mawkishness or muliebriety. But when each of these three qualities is controlled and checked by the other two, then we find a nature that is truly strong—strong to endure, strong to accomplish, strong to enjoy and to give happiness unspeakable to others.



FREEDOM.

BY ELSA BARKER.

CALL not that mortal free, inquiring one,
 Though he be master of uncounted gold,
 With kings to do him homage, if his hold
 Be not so strong on the immortal sun—
 The shining, heliocentric Self—that none
 May loose it. Fearless, pure and self-controlled
 Alike though friends pursue him or grow cold—
 That man the crown of liberty has won.

And fancy not that feeling and the thrill
 Of love are absent from him. Infinite
 The love that waits the calling of his will,
 Whose longing is the whole world's benefit;
 And happiness shall flood him to the fill—
 When he has mastered the desire of it.

A REVENGE.

BY TOM MASSON.

IT was the last day of summer.

A man and a woman sat on the sand, leaning against a huge rock that towered above them. For some time they had been gazing out silently over the wide expanse of ocean, as it glimmered in the rays of the setting sun. At last the woman spoke.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that you are a cynic."

For some moments, the man did not reply. His face, calm in what, perhaps, might have been a simulated indifference, remained motionless. And when he did speak, there was no trace of resentment in his voice. "You are right," he said, at last.

The face of the woman was variable. It could express sympathy, scorn, passion, coldness, tenderness, enthusiasm, love, hate. It was like the sea that stretched before them, reflecting instantly all the moods—moods subjective and objective—that came over it. Now there was pity in it.

"I am sorry," she said. "Indeed, your cynicism seems to be of the worst kind—the kind that extends even to yourself. Is it, let me ask, inherent in you, or has it been a gradual development, spreading out until it has devitalized you?"

The man smiled.

"Your curiosity," he remarked, "is unusual. As a rule, women are not curious about matters in which they have no personal interest."

She elevated her eyebrows.

"I do not believe that," she responded.

"Nevertheless," he replied, "it is true. It does not seem to be true, because most of us are unaccustomed to admissions that are unpleasant. It would be unpleasant for you to admit, for instance, that your curiosity in what you choose to term my cynicism is purely personal, because this seems to imply that your own sex has a standard different from that of man—a standard that is narrower. Hence you scorn the thought. Besides, it is natural that you should resent the implication that your only motive in accusing me of cynicism was because of your interest in me."

She was about to reply, but he raised his hand politely.

"Permit me to explain," he said, gently. "You have termed me a cynic. I have admitted the accusation. I must, therefore, be true to my colors. I am not seeking to slander your sex. I am merely stating that a woman's curiosity is intellectual only so far as it pertains to her own personal interest, and the reason for this is that it would give her no pleasure if the returns from it were purely intellectual. A man can pursue an inquiry merely for the mental excitement he gets out of it. Women are not built that way."

She surveyed him calmly, triumphantly.

"Then how do you account," she asked, "for some women—women who have written books, painted pictures, made speeches, organized great movements, and so on? I suppose you will say, in your cynical way, that they were homelier."

"Not necessarily," he replied, cautiously. "That may have been a reason, I admit, lying at the beginning of the causes which apparently put them in the same class with men. But it does not account for everything. The fact is that women want power as much as, if not more than, men want it. And if they cannot get power in one direction, they are more than likely to try it in another. If a woman, to begin with, is not beautiful, or if she possesses a strong and active mind and is not altogether satisfied with the kind of power that merely physical charms command, then the probability is that she will seek for other kinds of power. But there is always this distinction: She never loses her self-consciousness; she is working for personal distinction. She always takes herself seriously. Most of the things that men do better than women, however, are done because they play at them, they pursue them as pastimes. Their supreme strength lies in the fact that their own personality is forgotten. But there never was a woman who could ever forget her own personality. Therein lies her own peculiar weakness—and her strength."

There was a note of passion in her voice.

"I don't believe a word of what you say," she replied, vehemently.

"I didn't expect you to," he said. "Indeed, it was foolish of me to attempt the explanation."

"I did not suppose that a cynic would ever admit his own foolishness."

"Why not? It is easily possible to be cynical about too much wisdom. As a relief to this, we turn to folly."

While they had been talking, they sat apart. Absorbed in the discussion, he lay with his head resting on his arm, looking out over the water. At this moment, therefore, he did not see her face, so expressive of her emotions, change. She pursed up her lips slightly. A look of resolution came into her eyes. Then she straightened up and moved carelessly into a new position where they were face to face.

"It is strange," she said, half meditatively, "that we should have started on such a theme. I don't know that I had ever thought much about these subjects before."

"Why should you?"

He looked at her with a smile.

"Your power lies in other directions." She grew playful.

"Do you mean to imply, sir, that I am not intellectual?" she asked.

"Not at all. I—I——"

She threw some sand at him.

"Now don't excuse yourself," she cried.

"But I'll forgive you for that, seeing that you are so much of a cynic."

Then her face grew slightly serious. She looked into his eyes solemnly, half mournfully.

"You have a fine mind," she said. "I can't always follow you, you are so subtle, you know. But I love to listen. You must do lots of thinking."

A look of genuine pleasure came over his face. The spell was beginning to work.

"Not so much," he said, with a deprecating gesture. "I suppose that I *have* thought more than most men."

"Oh, I'm sure of it. Would you mind"—she moved unasily—"putting this shawl around my shoulders? I feel the wind."

He sprang to his feet. Half awkwardly, he arranged the shawl. When he sat down again, they were closer together.

"Does the society of women," she asked, "bore you?"

"Some women," he replied—"oh, yes, very much."

"That's the way I feel about most men. They are so selfish, so conceited. But you interested me from the start. I guess, after all, you were right about my asking you the question about your being a cynic. I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't——"

She stopped. Her eyes dropped.

"You mean," he continued, "that you really did have a personal interest in it?"

"Well, perhaps that would be too much of an admission," she responded, half coyly.

"Then you are really interested in me. I thought you were cold—indifferent."

There was a pause. He took her hand.

"Do you know," he said, "you are the most beautiful woman I ever met."

His eyes grew intense.

"Nonsense," she replied. She did not remove her hand.

"It is true," he continued. "What can I do to show you that I love you?"

She spoke in a low voice.

"Talk to me," she said.

He put his arm around her.

"When you speak like that," he replied, "you make me feel that there is nothing else in the world than you to live for—that I should be satisfied to go on forever with you here close to me. Dearest, I have never known before what it is to love. When I look into your eyes, I forget everything."

She spoke again.

"Is love everything to you?"

"Everything." He drew her face to his and attempted to kiss her.

"Tell me," he said, "you love me."

But she arose, holding him off.

"Come," she said, abruptly, "let us go back."

Mechanically he stood up with her.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Don't you love me?"

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"How do I know?" she replied. "How can I tell? I am but a woman."

"But I don't understand," he cried. And as she turned away from him she smiled blithely back:

"Oh, I merely wanted to see what impression I could make on a genuine cynic."



"DO NOT STIR UP THE ANIMALS."

In a zoological garden the other day, I saw these signs:

1. "Do not stir up the animals."
2. "Do not feed the animals."
3. "Keep away from dangerous places."

This last is best of all, except possibly the second and the first.

Our troubles in life all come from the violation of one or all of these three rules. The animals haven't got it in for us. They really do not know of our existence until we announce ourselves.

To stir up the animals is to call their attention to yourself. That is to say, you indulge in publicity, and people who are before the public must expect to get a little of the Donnybrook prescription when they go to the fair.

To feed the animals is usually to get their ingratitude and contempt. Nothing causes so many heart-burnings as a "four-o'clock." When one married lady was advising another how to keep the love of her husband and said, "Feed the brute," she was indulging in a little harmless irony. Married women, perforce, violate both Rules Number Two and Number Three—they have to feed the animals and they have also ventured into dangerous places. It is their own fault—no one is to blame but themselves—they should take their medicine.

Most of our troubles come from venturing into dangerous places. If you hadn't

gone close enough, how could the monkey have grabbed your millinery and made you a laughing-stock for the fools? The monkey should not have been blamed—he only manifested his nature. If you had kept away from the legal tiger's cage, he would never have scratched a hole in your new wallet.

The excuse that you did not know that it was loaded is no longer valid. Everybody should know that the tiger is loaded for bear, and absolute safety is secured only by keeping away from dangerous places. And this we can do if we wish, for every tiger is a Tiger, Lim., and all the lions are chained.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

* * * *

WHO HE WAS.

As the tall, stalwart-looking stranger stepped haughtily from the carriage, the crowd, awe-stricken and silent, made way for him, while the hotel page ran out and held open the door wide.

The stranger passed within. The clerk bowed and smiled as, pen in hand, he stood ready to assist the great man in the act of signing his name on the register. This ceremony over, he proceeded to the restaurant. The head-waiter bowed to the ground. The table-boy dusted his chair. Women waited. Eyes grew big, while the foreign observer, who was collecting his impressions of America, said to the proprietor:

"Ah, sir, a distinguished guest. Possibly some great poet, litterateur or diplomat?"

"No, sir," said the proprietor, stiffly.

"Then it is the governor of the state?"

"No, sir."

"Can it be, then, that I have had the honor of viewing the president? Is it indeed the chief executive of the nation?"

And the proprietor, his face shining with the reflected honor of his guest's presence, replied:

"A greater than he, sir. My guest, I would have you know, is one of our most successful prize-fighters."

* * * *

**ADELE AND
CLARENCE.**

Adele was the daughter of rich but respectable parents.

Adele lived in the post-residential district. A post-residential district is a quarter in which there is one home left to about ten shops, and in which the fancy-fruit merchant and the smart milliner exchange ideas for their front windows.

Adele sighed for better things. She wanted a house on the avenue with room enough in front to set out two hundred and fifty blades of imported grass, and room enough in back to plant a double row of gardenias on the side and still have space enough between for a marble slab with the family crest in the middle.

Adele wanted a housekeeper, a chauffeur



and a French maid for herself. She wanted an antique dining-room made to order, a swimming-pool, and an elevator in the building that would land her within three feet of her budwoir.

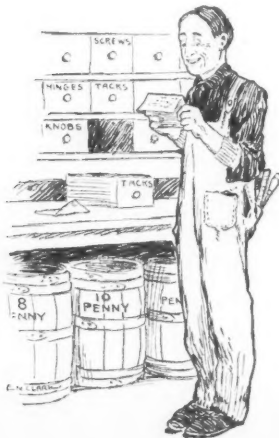
"It is true," said Adele, "that none of us has had appendicitis or been immoral enough to attract the love and sympathy of the best people, but there must be some way of getting into society. Come, dear papa and mama, and get restless and unhappy for my sake. My ambition demands it. Would you be so cruel and unjust and dull as to let me grow up to be nothing but a member of the burjoice?"

Adele's papa and mama sighed and prepared to pull up the roots of tradition and comfort and inertia.

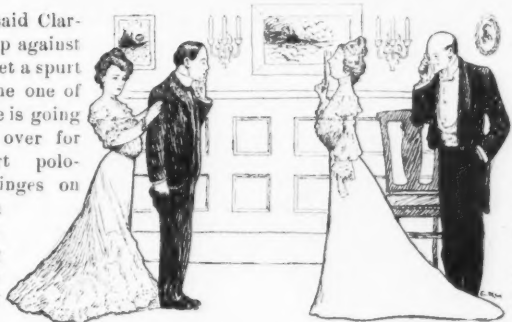
"It's a great sacrifice to make," said Adele's papa, as he sat in his easy-chair before the fire, smoking his briar-root pipe for the last time.

"Yes, dear," said Adele's mama, stroking his hand sadly, "but we must do it for Adele's sake. It may be only temporary, and I do hope she will continue to favor Clarence, he is such a nice young man."

Clarence, Adele's best fellow, watched the proceedings from afar with considerable misgivings. Clarence worked in a hardware store, and came up about four evenings in a week, arrayed in his best cut-away, and after worrying all the light out of the gas-jet, settled back on the sofa with Adele and gradually forgot how much salary he was drawing.



"I seem," said Clarence, "to be up against it. Unless I get a spurt on and rob some one of a million, Adele is going to throw me over for some Newport polo-player with hinges on his name and an absinthe walk. Instead of being too haughty with the rest of the boarders be-



cause of my future prospects, I may as well be nice to the second-floor-back and learn to play cribbage with the landlady's daughter."

But while Clarence felt that all hope must be lost, he concluded to wait a year before making any other alliance. "It isn't the easiest thing in the world," said Clarence, "to find a girl with as few objections to her as Adele has, and while at present the society germ has apparently a permanent date with her, my sterling worth and kind heart and steady habits may weigh something in the balance in an endurance test."

And so, after the title was passed, Clarence waited.

The first month, he saw Adele riding in the park in a victoria. Adele was leaning back with a real genuine bored expression acquired by three weeks' practice, and overlooked him in the lack of excitement.

The second month, Clarence passed Adele in an electric automobile, bound south. Her papa and mama were both with her.

The third month, Clarence read about her in the papers as being among those present.

The fourth month, she sailed for Europe with papa and mama.

It was not, however, until the end of the eighth month that light broke in on Clarence and the hardware business.

One morning, he received a brief note from Adele.

"Will you forgive me?" said the note. "I think I know now how to estimate you truly. Although I am only twenty, I fear that I have drained life to its very dregs. Society to me is a hollow mockery. Come

to me, Clarence, and I will never forget you again."

So Clarence put on his cut-away and at 8:30 climbed up the marble steps.

A butler flourished a tray in front of him, but Clarence

pushed him aside with haughty air.

Once past the lines, there was a whirl and a rush, and Adele, the same sweet and loving Adele, had her arms around him.

"Come in here, darling," she said, leading the way in to palm-room number three. "I love you just the same. Oh, I am so tired of all this vanity, this artificiality. I long once more for the simple life."

At this moment, Adele's papa and mama stood upon the threshold.

"Who is this—er—person?" asked Adele's papa, adjusting his monocle.

"Why, papa," said Adele, "it's dear old Clarence. Don't you know Clarence?"

"Deah me," said Adele's mama, raising her lorgnette, "what impertinence!"

"Bah Jove!" said Adele's papa, "the fellow actually thinks he has a right here."

He rang the bell for the butler; then, adopting a slightly more conciliatory tone:

"My dear boy," he whispered, "Adele, you know, is young yet, and sometimes relapses, but I can assure you, speaking for her mother and myself, we couldn't think of permitting any one who is not in our set to have anything to do with her now, don't you know, bah Jove!"

BRIGHTON SMITH.

* * * *

SPAIN'S BOY KING AN ADEPT AT SPORTS.

King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, who, it is reported, has become engaged to marry the Duchess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is setting a new mark for Spanish rulers by becoming an expert in nearly every kind of outdoor sport.

At a pigeon-shooting contest recently held at Junciales, King Alfonso, who is eighteen years old, won the first prize,



KING ALFONSO XIII.

given by the Duc de Montpensier, by making eighteen straight kills. The victory carried with it also a money prize of four thousand pesetas, and the winner's name was inscribed with those of former champions within the silver pigeon of the San Sebastian Royal Sporting Club.

As a yachtsman, King Alfonso has at least a national reputation, though he has not yet appeared in that rôle outside of Spanish waters. But next season he will take part in some of the principal regattas, holding the tiller himself.

It is not to be inferred because of his participation in these outdoor sports that Alfonso XIII. is neglectful of his duties as King of Spain. On the contrary, he has the interest of his subjects keenly at heart, and while hunting or yachting is accompanied by advisers with whom he discusses all national problems.

The Princess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to whom King Alfonso is said to be engaged, is a cousin of the reigning Grand Duke Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose sister, it is announced, is to wed the Crown-Prince Frederick William of Germany. When these two marriages are consummated, nearly every royal family of Europe will

be represented by marriage in this singular grand-ducal house.

FREDERIC WILLIAMS.

A ROYAL SWIMMER
AT EIGHTY-THREE.

* * * * *
Prince-Regent Leopold of Bavaria scarcely

would be willing to test his claim to fame solely upon his natatorial exploits in the Alp Lake, any more than Judge Alton B. Parker probably would admit that his validity as a presidential candidate rested upon the fact of his morning swims in the Hudson. Still it remains that Prince Leopold's swimming during his stay at Hohenschwangau, this summer and fall, has been as much talked of in a part of Europe as Judge Parker's similar exercise here.

Prince Leopold is one of the hardest workers among European rulers. Ever since his accession to the regency, in 1886, on account of the insanity of King Otto, he has made it a point invariably to rise before five o'clock every weekday morning, when he goes through state business with the chief of his private chancellery. As soon as this is finished, he goes riding or shooting, not even allowing rainy weather to keep him indoors. He was born in 1821.

CHARLES BROOKS.



PRINCE-REGENT LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA.

